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THE HOUSEHOLD

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

W. A. RICHARDS, ENG. ESTABLISHED 1868. CHICAGO, ILL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 8.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 12.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DOMESTIC JOURNAL.

GEO. E. CROWELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
And at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the day is dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE CARE OF LAWNS.

AN appropriate answer to a late correspondent's inquiry concerning the fall and winter care of lawns, is to be found in the following article from the Boston Journal of Chemistry. Some novel ideas are presented to which we invite particular attention.

During the past summer, great injury to lawns in the vicinity of this city has resulted from the attack of worms upon the tender grass roots. The worm, burrowing beneath the sod about three inches, makes a clean horizontal cutting, so that the sward can be lifted up like a carpet. The worm is white, about two inches long, and one quarter of an inch in diameter. This worm is unfortunately not the only enemy to lawns. In some places large colonies of ants, of several kinds, have appeared upon lawns this summer, and in a few weeks totally destroyed them.

This is discouraging, truly, but it is well to remember that everything beautiful or useful coming from or connected with the soil, whether fruits, flowers, shrubs, or grasses, is produced and maintained only by a persistent contest with destructive agencies; and when a new enemy appears, we have only to set about devising effective means to meet him. How shall we save our lawns? We are inclined to think that preventive measures must first be regarded. Upon many lawns large quantities of stable manure or animal excrement are used. In order to secure a peculiar and permanent luxuriance of grass, the soil to a considerable depth is thoroughly filled with animal manures, and this invites the worms and perhaps the ants. The worms thrive best in a rich soil, or in one largely impregnated with excrementitious substances.

Farmers cultivating poor, worn-out lands, are seldom troubled with enemies beneath the soil. We know the rich grasses will thrive only where the best nutriment is supplied in abundant quantity, and hence if we do not fertilize we can have no lawns. True; but we are not restricted to one source of supply or one form of plant food. We can ignore excrementitious manures altogether, and yet have fine lawns. We have not for several years used stable or farm-yard manures upon lawns, but the concentrated or mineral fertilizers, which have given most satisfactory results.

A lawn properly prepared should always receive a coating of gypsum, for this agent is the peculiar pabulum of the white clover plant, one of the richest, densest, and most beautiful of our lawn grasses. It is so sparingly soluble in water that a coating will last for many years, and furnish sufficient nutriment. Nitrate of soda also, or better, if one can afford it, nitrate of potash, is an excellent fertilizer for lawns. Combine with these true superphosphate of lime and the "animal dust" of the abattoirs, and you have everything necessary to grow the most luxuriant grasses, and nothing is furnished that worms or insects can use as food.

It is a bad practice to spread a coating of stable dung over a lawn in the autumn, as the seeds of vicious weeds are washed out, and, lodging in the soil, fructify, and ultimately crowd out the desirable grasses. Lawns should be fed several times during every season; and if the fertilizing agent can be presented in liquid form, all the better. Weak solutions of the nitrate of soda or potassa are easily made, and the "animal dust" and superphosphate may be applied in fine powder during a rain. We say during a rain, because one does not know when rain will fall, and from directing to apply just before a rain grave mistakes may result. An old rubber coat and hat will protect workmen from showers, and enable them to work freely. We are confident that avoiding the use of animal manures will suffice to rid us of the worms and insects that threaten to devastate our lawns.

FALL MULCHING.

There are two seasons in the year when fruit-trees, grape-vines, berry-bushes, etc., require mulching—in the heat of summer to prevent drought, and in the fall to protect from the frost and furnish nutriment in the spring. The fall is the most important season for mulching; as the soil frequently stirred and kept mellow during the hot weather will answer to a great extent the purpose of a mulch in summer.

The best fall mulch is a coat of leaves, unless the ground requires more enrichment; then add manure. But usually a good coat of leaves, spread thick and wide, answers a sufficient purpose. This, where the ground has sufficient fertility, applied each fall and in the spring worked into the soil, will supply what the crop removes; and leaf pabulum seems to be what is wanted, containing the material in good proportion. I have tried this thing with the most satisfactory results. Sometimes, where there is exposure to the wind, it will be necessary to cover a little with earth, so as to keep the leaves in place.

Chip-mold is also good; so is garden refuse. Any dry vegetable material will do, even straw packed with a little soil; but I prefer the leaves—nature's provision. Some sprinkle on a little lime. Doubtless in most cases it is a benefit. Applied thus, leaves, generally considered useless and often in the way, may be made to serve a very good purpose.—Country Gentleman.

WHITEWASH FOR OUTBUILDINGS.

The following is from the proceedings of the New York Farmers' Club: The Chairman said that in response to an inquiry for the best whitewash for outbuildings he had received the following: Take a bushel of good lime, twenty pounds of Spanish whiting, seventeen pounds of rock salt, and twelve pounds of brown sugar. Slake the lime and mix it into a good whitewash, with about forty gallons of water, add the other ingredients and stir thoroughly. To make a cream color add to the above three pounds of yellow ochre; a fawn color, four pounds umber, one pound Indian red, and one of lampblack; if a gray or stone color is wanted add four pounds of raw umber and two of lampblack. Dr. Smith said that he was of the opinion that sugar was of no service in the making of whitewash. Mr. Ely said that he had found in his experience that tallow was a good ingredient for whitewash, but Dr. Smith did not agree with him, as he thought that tallow would not mix well with lime.



WARMTH AT HOME.

THE capital English word comfortable, which so often puzzles the French, and for which they have no exact equivalent, is the comprehensive term that all mistresses of families desire to fulfill in their arrangements. Houses may be rich, elegant, fashionable; food may be luxurious, and yet comfort may be wanting, and in that one want everything is wanted.

In winter time, and during the keen and variable weather of early spring, in our Northern States the first requisite for comfort is warmth. We need warm houses, warm firesides, warm meals, warm plates, warm clothes, warm feet, warm beds, and warm hearts, to feel for others as well as ourselves. No amount of costliness in furniture, food, or dress will compensate for the absence of warmth. All who have competent means and health can shut out winter and conquer cold.

The doors and windows of every dwelling should be made free from draughts by the use of strips of vulcanized india rubber put along the crevices, or, if that is not available, the old fashioned method of putting list, though the former is not expensive, and is far more effective. Every room should be ventilated; but ventilation does not mean draughts. Twice at least every day, doors and windows should be opened, so as to let a current of air through the room; and for this purpose, if people are at all delicate, they should leave the sitting-room a few minutes while it is so refreshed. The fire is both a ventilator and a purifier. It is worth while to attain skill in making up and maintaining a good, clear fire. To do this, the ashes under the grate must never be allowed to accumulate; they are not only unsightly, but they impede the air which ought to rise up under the grate and help combustion. A bright, polished, well kept grate, fender, etc., by reflecting the light and heat, and radiating it, thus economize fuel. There is no question that a small, clear fire, in a shining fireplace, throws out twice the heat that a large one does where all is dingy and dusky, to say nothing of the pleasantness of a perfectly neat fireside. It makes even the poorest room look cheerful.

Then, having made the house warm, winter is the time for nice warm

dishes at dinner. In summer, cold meat, with salads and other vegetables, are all very agreeable and healthful, but in winter there is neither comfort nor economy in cold dinners. The good housewife studies how to have soups, hashes, and minces to vary her dinners. There are now plenty of directions for a great variety of these in popular cookery books. Every particle of cold meat can be utilized, and children are very fond of nice mince and good gravy, served in a raised dish of mashed potatoes or well boiled rice, which looks pretty for the table, and is very easily digested and wholesome. These, and similar made dishes, neatly cooked and served, make a small joint, which may be the principal dish in a plain dinner, go much further, than a large one would where there was no nice side dish to help from. No one need be ashamed of economy. Nay, in all times, as there will always be poor, waste is a bad thing to be ashamed of.

In cold weather, tea and coffee are apt to be chilled, and then they are spoiled. Each of these beverages, and cocoa also, should be served hot. If people like them cool, they can delay the drinking them. The use of a "cosey," or wadded cap, to cover the teapot, is now very general in England, as well as Scotland. And very pretty with braid and wool work, do ladies' hands make these cosies.

Keeping the feet warm is not always easy in winter. Children suffer much with chilblains. We know a lady whose children used to have chilblains that defied all her care. She tried a great variety of remedies to no purpose with the winter came the chilblains. Finally, she has found out a simple preventive and remedy in the early stages. The child, when getting ready for bed, sits by the fireside, and the nursemaid dips her hands in cold water and rubs the little feet until they glow with heat. Then the little one goes to bed. This process circulates the blood and hardens the skin. It is in reality the plan adopted in Canada, and other cold countries, for mild cases of frost-bite. Snow is put on the face or limb, and the place is rubbed until feeling and warmth are produced.

POLITENESS.

Politeness, that is, a due and proper regard for the feelings, wishes and pleasures of other people, is the thing that, perhaps, of all others, renders life the easiest and the pleasantest; it is the oil that enables all the wheels of the complex machinery of social life to work satisfactorily. What a pity it is then that it should be disregarded as it so frequently is in domestic life, the place where of all others its softening influence is the most required.

The constant intercourse of home life causes unsuitable tempers and dispositions to jar each other in a manner hardly possible in general society—how unwise then it is to relinquish the one quality which acts as a species of buffer between antagonistic temperaments. Besides, it is a cardinal mistake to regard politeness, as so many unfortunately do, as a species of "company manners," to be assumed or relinquished simultaneously with

our best clothes; it is, properly considered, a most valuable quality, involving self-control, some unselfishness and a certain regard for the feelings of others. We wish we could regard it as by any means a common virtue in the home circle, but fear it is very far indeed from being so; neither men nor women are blameless in this respect, but owing to their gentler and softer natures women are less frequent offenders than the lords of creation. Still they frequently allow themselves a license in saying unpleasant things to their own immediate belongings that they would never talk in the hearing of a stranger. They argue: "It is hard if you can't say what you think to your own husband, or sister, or other relative." Granted—but the very same thing, if necessary, may be said in different ways—why not select the one which will neither wound the feelings nor rouse the temper of the listener?

Many of the bitterest and most irreparable disagreements in married life have arisen, not from want of absolute affection but from a carelessness on one side or the other, frequently in both, as to the manner in which subjects on which there may be a difference of opinion are remarked upon. It is almost impossible that two people can, even though they be husband and wife, think alike on every subject; the probabilities are that on many their opinions will be widely different. Why, however, should they not be as politely tolerant of each other's views in private as conventionality would force them to be in public? Why should the wife's expression of opinion be received with: "Mary, don't be a fool," or the husband's with: "Really, John, you are quite too silly!"

We have already said that the men are the worst offenders, perhaps because they care less for, and consequently think less of, the small courtesies of life than do women. Still this reflection hardly consoles a woman when she finds her husband punctilious in helping every other woman over the raised stile, when he leaves her to climb a five-barred gate unassisted: nor is she free from a certain feeling of mortification when she finds he considers it too much trouble to dress for dinner with her alone, or to vouchsafe an answer to a question should he have the newspaper in his hand.—*Scientific American.*

A MOTHER'S HOME.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was a creator of home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls, by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or clover leaf which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on

hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, homemaker.

If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it is the best I have ever seen. It is more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see house after house in which fathers and mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a haphazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that poor little cottage by the seashore, and of the woman who was the "light thereof;" and I find in the faces of many men and children, as plainly written and as sad to see as in the newspaper columns of "Personals," "Wanted,—a home."—*From "Bits of Talk."*



PRESENT AND COMING FASHIONS.

BONNETS of regular shape, with strings, are provided by French milliners almost to the exclusion of round hats. The strings are not necessarily tied in front, but may be fastened behind or passed around the neck in the way tulle is now done. There is a fancy for making the bonnets of the demi-season of velvet and silk, without flowers or feathers. This is a natural reaction after the profusion of flowers worn during the summer, and will not last after the gay winter season begins. There are other imported bonnets for autumn completely trimmed with birds' wings. Sometimes six wings are on each side of the bonnet. These are the small wings of larks, starlings and black-birds, and are sold in pairs, as the right and left wing must be placed in natural position. Still another capricious trimming is wings *a la Mercure*—a pair of wings arranged at the back just as they were on Mercury's cap. Birds will also be much used for trimming. These are quite large birds, such as pigeons, the bird-of-the-isles, the lophophore and various others with bronzed shaded plumage. French milliners poise these in most fantastic ways. Thus, a blue-bird is placed low on the back of the bonnet with outspread wings, as if flying down; in his beak he catches up the long ribbon-strings that are tied behind. Sometimes a gray pigeon nestles close against the right side of the bonnet; in others, only the head and breast of the pigeon are used; a bandeau is made of seven or eight tiny humming birds.

Touffes or clusters of roses are the new floral trimming. This is three soft roses crushed together and made the center of long-looped bows of velvet. The three roses may be all of one color, or else a blush-rose, a creamy tea-rose and a dark-red dam-

ask may be placed together in a *touffe*. Marguerites and similar flowers are used in the same way. There are few wreaths and trailing sprays, but there are demi-bandeaux placed on the sides, while in front, just above the forehead, is soft velvet of a becoming color. Buttercups, shaded from creamy-yellow to brown and black, will continue to be much worn. The prediction is that the rose—queen of flowers—will retain its supremacy when velvet bonnets appear.

Red is no longer used for accessories of French bonnets. The fancy for poppies has wearied every one with it. The dark cardinal red, however, is still popular here, and will continue so. Brown, steel color and navy-blue are the prevailing colors in milliners' goods. Felt will be very much used for second-best bonnets. For dress occasions will be velvet bonnets trimmed with wings and a *touffe*.

The toque is enlarged and made of more pronounced shape for traveling hats, for morning shopping and general wear. For autumn days black chip toques will be trimmed with navy-blue velvet, blue wings and a long blue veil of tissue—not grenadine. Others are trimmed with black velvet, a scarlet wing and a black tissue veil. Ladies who find English walking hats becoming will be glad to see them retained for the winter, with a pretty, new effect given by turning the brim up behind, as well as on the inside. The brim is indented in the back, forming two curves. Black chip hats of this kind trimmed with gray or blue velvet, or brown chip trimmed with maroon and cream color, are stylish for fall.

Black velvet ribbons are being manufactured at St. Etienne in great quantities for trimming winter dresses. They are used on rich brocades and silks, but are especially designed for cashmere, vigogne and other fine woollens. Three or four rows are sewed plainly around the skirts of the dress, instead of flounces; perpendicular lines of velvet trim the basque.

Knife-plaitings will be worn again on winter dresses and even more abundantly than at present. Some new French dresses have one deep gathered flounce around the bottom on which are placed five narrow-plaited ruffles.

The French arrangement of mixed costumes is a plain basque with plaid sleeves and a plaid lower skirt with plain apron. A quaint new suit has a brown gros grain basque with plaid Lousine sleeves of rose and brown plaid. The apron is plain brown with a bias plaid band on the edge; the lower skirt of plaid has plaitings of both fabrics, the plaid flounce being placed between brown plaitings.

Pockets are again placed on plain long basques. When in front and on the sides they are flat and square; when on the back of the basque they are gathered like old-fashioned reticules and have a bow for ornament.

The Louis XV basque, with the back quite short behind, long on the hips, and meeting across the chest over a vest, will be worn with winter suits. This pretty basque has been worn during the summer and finds great favor. The vest is sharply-

pointed or else slopes away in two points. This is a pretty fashion for dresses that are made of two materials, one of which is figured and the other plain.

Advices from modistes are contradictory about dress skirts, but there is a general desire to shorten the skirts for the fall and winter.

The novelty in lingerie is collars of solid color: pale rose, blue, ecru and mauve. The fabric is percale, and the shape is that called English, with points turned down in front and a standing band behind.

Last winter we were accustomed to see the robe, plain and long, worn by a few, while the majority still held to costume; but next season a more judicious arrangement will be made. The costume will be universally adopted for the street (the japon rather longer than heretofore), and the robe worn only in the evening or at home. By the word robe it is intended to indicate specially a dress with a single skirt, which is very long, with no tunic, but the trimmings so disposed that the familiar aspect of the costume is preserved by the ornaments and draperies.

We are to have a new style of tablier, which will be very much nearer a tablier (apron), in fact, than any that have preceded it. Instead of extending around to the middle of the back, it will only cover the upper part of the front breadth. It will not reach lower than the knee; the edge will be cut in scallops, broad and deep. This kind of tablier will usually be made of black velvet, and the trimming will be jet or bands of feathers.

There will be a great variety among the outside garments worn during the coming winter. The stores that I have visited are preparing them of all shapes and sizes, from the long circular cloaks which are only suitable to ladies who have a carriage at their command, to simple vests of cloth which can only be worn by very young girls. There are the large, tight-fitting pelerines and paletots of every fashion. Some of these have large sleeves of the Greek style, very long, square and split open, but so shaped that their upper part is like a tight sleeve. In this way they are made warm, and consequently more suitable to our climate. It is very easy to adopt Greek sleeves to satisfy a caprice of fashion, but not so easy to be contented with them when it snows or there is a cold wind blowing. For warm, outside garments it is not possible to find any other materials than those we are already familiar with—cloth, velvet and cashmere; but efforts are being made to introduce a new style of pardessus of heavy serge. Success is something of which it is impossible to be sure beforehand; but it may be that this goods will become fashionable.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TIGHT LACING.

Rev. Charles Kingsley, in one of his recent lectures to ladies, delivered in London said:

It seems to me that a few centuries hence, when mankind has learnt to fear God more, and therefore to obey more strictly those laws of nature and

of science which are the will of God, it seems to me, I say, that in those days the present fashion of tight lacing will be looked back upon as a contemptible and barbarous superstition, denoting a very low level of civilization in the peoples which have practiced it. That for generations past women should have been in the habit of vying with each other in obedience to fashion—that they should, I say, have been in the habit of deliberately crushing that part of the body which should be especially left free, contracting and displacing their lungs, their heart, and all the most vital and important organs, and entailing thereby disease not only on themselves, but on their children after them; that for forty years past physicians should have been telling them of the folly of what they have been doing, and that they should as yet, in the great majority of cases, not only turn a deaf ear to all warnings, but actually deny the offence, of which one glance of the physician or the sculptor, who know what shape the human body ought to be, brings them in guilty—this, I say, is an instance of—what shall I call it?—which deserves at once the lash, not merely of the satirist, but of any theologian who really believes that God made the physical universe.

Let me, I pray you, appeal to your common sense for a moment. When any one chooses a horse or a dog, whether for strength, for speed, or for any other useful purpose, the first thing, almost, to be looked at, is the girth round the lower ribs, the room for heart and lungs. Exactly in proportion to that will be the animal's healthiness, power of endurance, and value in many other ways. If you will look at eminent lawyers and famous orators, who have attained a healthy old age, you will see that in every case they are men (like the late Lord Palmerston, and others whom I could mention) of remarkable size, not merely in the upper, but in the lower part of the chest; men who had, therefore, a peculiar power of using the diaphragm to fill and to clear the lungs, and therefore to oxygenate the blood of the whole body. Now it is just these lower ribs, across which the diaphragm is stretched, like the head of a drum, which stays contract to a minimum.

If you advised owners of horses and hounds to put their horses or their hounds into stays, and lace them up tight in order to increase their beauty, you would, I doubt not, receive a very courteous, but certainly a very decided refusal to do that which would spoil, not merely the animals themselves, but the whole stud or the whole kennel for years to come. And if you advised an orator to put himself into tight stays, he, no doubt, again would give a courteous answer; but he would reply (if he was a really educated man) that to comply with your request would involve his giving up public work, under the probable penalty of being dead within the next twelve months.

And how much work of every kind, intellectual as well as physical, is spoiled or hindered—how many deaths occur from consumption and other complaints, which are the results of

this habit of tight lacing, is known partly to the medical men, who lift up their voices in vain, and known fully to Him who will not interfere with the least of his own physical laws to save human beings from the consequences of their own willful folly.

CONFECTIONS.

The form which found favor, last winter, with two long ends in front and short in the back, has again appeared. Many confectious have large, open dolman sleeves, some square at the end, and others rounded. Large bows with ends ornament the outside of the sleeves and the fronts and backs of the confectious. A handsome velvet conffection is made in mantle form, with a hood in the back; this is a small, graceful garment which shows the toilet to great advantage. The Inez mantle may be of iron-gray fancy cloth, very full, the back slightly cut up in the middle and trimmed with passementeries and tassels. Two large revers fall down the back, forming a point on each side; between the revers are two tassels. The revers extend over the shoulders and terminate in front like a turn-down collar. The sleeves extend down the whole length of the garment in the back, and are mounted in the style of the dolman sleeve, for they are in one piece with the front. The borders are trimmed with fringe and cordeliere.

The Madge dolman is in dolman shape, with detached sleeves, and front like a mantle. This garment may be made of dark blue cloth, surrounded by blue fringe. A cloth ruffled collar, and a fichu trimmed with fringe are placed on the upper part of the dolman, where they join the front borders. The Petit Abbe conffection is of black cloth, trimmed with fur, the shape modeled from the Mme l' Archiduc garment. A small pelerine is placed in the back, forming revers, which fall over the front side pieces; they are ornamented with buttons. The center front-pieces are much shorter, and start from under the seam of the revers. The sleeves are narrow, and trimmed with revers placed on in a bias, and turning over on the outside.

Brown has been popular for a long time, and continues to be much worn. Purple faille and velvet are named among the present fashions, but are not likely to be generally admired. Blue satin and brown velvet will be the rage.

A FREAK OF FASHION.

About the last-named tablier, "the stone-breaker," a good story is told. A lady belonging to the best Paris society here, when driving along a country high-road, saw a man breaking stones by the way-side. He wore one of those huge leather aprons such as workmen often affect—somewhat like that of a drayman—secured around his neck by a thong, also of leather. To the lady it was a novelty; and attracted perhaps by its utter uncouthness, she hastily stopped her carriage and asked the man how much he would sell his apron for.

"Sell you my apron!" cried he. "And what for?" On the lady's declaring she would

pay whatever sum he asked, the stone-breaker, thinking to drive a good bargain, told her that the apron was an heir-loom, that he had inherited it from his grandfather, but that he would part with it for a consideration of £2. Without hesitation the money was paid, and the lady received the hideous garment, all coated with dust and weather-stained as it was, in triumph. The horses were turned round, and back they all went to Paris, with the precious trophy on the satin cushions. They drove to the dressmaker, and the lady herself carried her purchase upstairs. The astonishment of the faiseuse may be imagined.

"What have you got—what am I to do with that?"

"Copy it," said this modern incroyable; "copy it in rich brocade, and trim it in lace or ribbon as you think fit—I leave that to you; but on no account change the shape. It is primitive—it pleases me."

Of course the lady was complimented on her acuteness when she afterward recounted her adventure with the stone-breaker to her friends and acquaintances.

THE WORK TABLE.

—Alum or vinegar is good to set colors—red, yellow or green.

—Butternut shells or bark restore browns without any setting. The bark gives the darkest color.

—The bark of the beech tree and the red buds of the sumach each color a fine drab; set with copperas, and neither will fade. They color cotton as well as woolen.

—Faded drab or slate colors can be restored by saving the grounds and slops of the tea-pot until you have a pailful; boil in clear water, and finish same as the black.

—To remove starch or rust from flatirons, have a piece of yellow beeswax tied in a coarse cloth; when the iron is almost hot enough to use, but not quite, rub it quickly with the beeswax, and then with a clean, coarse cloth.

—Rusty black goods, of any material except silk, can be restored with slight cost and little trouble. Collect all the old black worsted material you have, and put them into about two pailfuls of boiling suds in which has been dissolved two spoonfuls of the extract of logwood, same of copperas; boil the goods five minutes, stirring all the time; drain, and rinse out all the dye, then dip in a pail of water in which an ounce of gum arabic has been dissolved. Iron when half dry, on the wrong side.

—In the September number of THE HOUSEHOLD, Effie tells Rosella how to make a cheap tidy of knitting cotton No. 12. Now I want to say to Effie and Rosella to try to find among their neighbors some one who can use a large wheel, and thus get her knitting cotton twisted. One or two turns of the wheel will double the strength and durability of the cotton and also render the cotton very much easier to work. It is difficult to crochet knitting cotton without splitting it; a little twist given it will remedy the difficulty.

Please tell which paper has directions for a pansy mat. Has it been given this year? EXPERIENCE.



THIS BABY OF OURS.

There's not a blossom of beautiful May,
Silver of daisy or daffodil gay,
Nor the rosy bloom of apple-tree flowers,
Fair as the face of this baby of ours.

You can never find on a bright June day
A bit of fair sky so cheery and gay,
Nor the haze on the hill, in noonday hours,
Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours.

There's not a murmur of wakening bird,
The clearest, sweetest, that ever was heard
In the tender hush of the dawn's still hours,
Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours.

There's no gossamer silk of tasselled corn,
No flimsiest thread of the shy wood-fern,
Nor even the cobweb spread over the flowers,
Fine as the hair of this baby of ours.

There's no fairy shell by the sounding sea,
No wild-rose that nods on the windy lea,
Nor blush of the sun through April's soft showers
Pink as the palms of this baby of ours.

May the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray,
For many a long and sunshiny day,
Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers
This wee bit darling—this baby of ours.

TENDING THE BABY.

BY GYSEY TRAINER.

BEAR, delicious bit of humanity! Who gave you your thousand winning ways, twining yourself so silently about our heart strings, that we awake suddenly, to the consciousness that baby is a tyrant and we are his servants? I don't suppose there is a person living but that has seen a baby, probably a great many babies. We are all familiar with the wonderful eyes, the quivering mouth, upon which we might easily fancy heaven's music trembling, the soft chubby arms, little round fists that are thrust into our faces with small ceremony, and last, but not least, the pink bottomed feet with their ten rosy toes. Was ever such a fairy sight? How we pet and coo to the baby, and baby talks to us in his own bewitching way, emphasizing his stories with many a nod and striking gesture.

O, it is all very sweet and—but hark! that is not our baby that we hear shrieking at the top of his voice? But it is, though, and what can the matter be? Why, nurse has just laid him in the crib, and he don't like it; he wants her to carry him in her arms about the room. Ah, nurse, that is a very foolish habit you have taught the boy. When Tommy was a trifle worrisome, why, then Tommy must ride and see the pretty things, and very soon Tommy learned that he had only to cry and keep at it long enough to go to ride at any time. The persistence of babyhood is something astonishing. If they are sure of getting a thing they desire, at last, they will "fight it out on that line all summer," and if they succeed in having their own way once, the battle will be all the longer and stronger next time, until finally, it is the baby that rules and not the mother. And then the mother sighs and says, "It is such a trial to take care of baby."

If a child is born with a healthy constitution, he ought to be nothing but a blessing to his parents. Have you noticed that I use the masculine

gender in speaking of babies? I do not know why it is, unless it is because I love them best, and I cannot account for that, except that years ago, I myself was a girl baby. I heard a mother, whose first baby was a boy, remark, "I was so sorry it was not a girl for you can fix them up so pretty." God pity the children that have such women for mothers! But I am straying from my subject (I always did like when walking the highway, to throw out a pebble here and there.) If a healthy child is a cross child, in nine cases out of ten, it is the nurse's or mother's fault. When you sit down in the afternoon and baby falls asleep, how convenient it is to take your sewing or knitting and, with your foot keep up a constant rocking motion of the cradle or crib, thus keeping the little fellow asleep for two or three hours, it may be.

Slumber that requires this motion is never healthful slumber. I should suppose the boy's head upon awaking would feel as though a water-wheel were at work inside. I wonder there are not more idiots among children than are found where this rock-a-by process is carried on. Not one grown person in a hundred could endure it without becoming stark mad.

This practice is no more pernicious, if as much so, as the taking for granted if baby frets, that he is hungry, and of crowding the stomach anew, which already protests against too much work. Then, when the breast will no longer satisfy, he is dosed with potions of Soothing Syrup. I have in my mind at this moment the case of a young man who was ruined mentally when a child by being fed on paregoric. The mother had so much to do, and it was such a relief to have him lie quietly, that the soothing medicine was resorted to again and again. Alas! the misguided mother soothed his mind into an everlasting slumber.

Children should have quiet nurses. If a mother begins with trotting, tossing and loud singing, she will have to go on in this way until nothing less than a whole menagerie will satisfy the child and then she will find herself at a loss to furnish amusement for her very fastidious darling.

Mothers are often too fond of showing off their children and too anxious to call into activity those powers of the mind which are not ready for development. This is bad treatment, as you will generally observe that the most precocious children do not make the smartest and most intellectual men and women. If you stretch the rubber too far it will break, and if you tax the child's mind too severely you will ruin it. Be content to let the baby be a baby. No matter if he does act and look just like Tom Smith's commonplace child, when the time comes for him to laugh he will laugh, and when a word is all formed and perched on the tip of his tongue, it will drop out of the lovely mouth with no special effort on your part.

Regularity as regards the hours of sleeping and eating is so plainly essential to the health of the child and has so often been urged upon mother's that I need not call your attention to it. But, while many acknowledge the fact they assert that it is not possible for them to follow this rule. Says

one mother, "I have no maid, and it is not always convenient or possible for me to leave my work and spend fifteen or twenty minutes in nursing my babe." Common sense teaches one that this is true. What then is the remedy? I say, and say it in spite of the opposing force of the medical fraternity, if you have to do your own work and can't give your child his meals regularly from the breast, don't nurse him. Dr. So-and-so shouts in my ear, "Would you substitute cow's milk for the food nature provides?" I answer, "Yes, most assuredly, under some circumstances. You, yourself, advise it when the mother is in a weak state of health, when suffering from nursing sore mouth, especially in obstinate cases, and other instances. When the system of the mother is so poisoned by disease that the puppy she nurses sickens and dies or is covered with disgusting sores, do you think the mother is justified in nursing her child? O, no, you answer. Very well, you have granted so much and I now make bold to step still further.

If it is right for a mother to bring up her child on the bottle when it is certain her milk is poison to it, it is right for her to do so if there is any reason to suppose that he will receive a lasting injury from nursing the breast. If the mother is diseased, if she is consumptive or has a bad humor, if she has to work so hard that her blood becomes heated, thus spoiling the food which she furnishes, it is right for her to refuse to nurse her child, it is wicked for her not to do so. If the statistics could be collected, I think you would find that if the children of laboring mothers, who die from diseases peculiar to the hot months, a large proportion of them would be among those who nursed the breast.

But while I uphold the use of the bottle in certain cases, I would shower the wrath of all righteous women upon the heads of those idle, healthy mothers who turn off their babes because they cannot deny themselves the pleasures of society, or because they deem it unfashionable to nurse their own children.

All the babies are staring at me in astonishment and there is one to whom I must hasten and forget all the world in admiring the charms of sweet babyhood.

A DAY WITH A COURTEOUS MOTHER.

During the whole of one of last summer's hottest days I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey.

It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares. I remembered afterward, with shame, that I myself had smiled at the sight of its antiquated ugliness; but her face was one which it gave you a sense of rest to look upon,—it

was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. It had little comeliness of shape or color in it, it was thin, and pale; she was not young; she had evidently been much ill; but I have seen few faces which gave me such pleasure. I think that she was the wife of a poor clergyman; and I think that clergyman must be one of the Lord's best watchmen of souls. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly. They had had a rare treat; they had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. Only a word-for-word record would do justice to their conversation; no description could give any idea of it,—so free, so pleasant, so genial, no interruptions, no contradictions; and the mother's part borne all the while with such equal interest and eagerness that no one not seeing her face would dream that she was any other than an elder sister. In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the eldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve. Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At the last, the mother produced with much glee three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence; just the shade of a cloud. The mother said, "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each of you."

"Oh, give Annie the orange! Annie loves orange," spoke out the oldest boy, with a sudden air of a conqueror, and at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself.

"Oh, yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with largest and most frequent mouthfuls; and so the feast went on. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwin; and, as I sat watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she saw longing in my face, and sprang over to me, holding out a quarter of her orange, and saying, "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled understandingly, when I said, "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelt of heat. The oldest boy—the little lover—held the youngest

child, and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. Now and then he looked over at her, and then back at the baby; and at last said confidentially to me (for we had become fast friends by this time.)

"Isn't it funny, to think that I was ever so small as this baby? And papa says that then mamma was almost a little girl herself."

The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad track, picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother.

"Oh, dear," thought I, "how that poor, tired woman will hate to open her eyes! and she never can take those great bunches of common, fading flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"Oh, thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot, tired little flowers, how thirsty they look! If they will only try and keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water; won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate, and one by mine."

Sweet and happy, the weary and flushed little children stood looking up in her face while she talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers, and with delight in the giving of their gift. Then she took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers, and then the train came and we went whirling along again. Soon it grew dark and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the eldest boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from the tired, overburdened mothers?

Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed little voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother with a still deeper disappointment in her own tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick." In the hurry of picking up all the parcels and the sleepy babies, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after I passed the little group, standing still just outside the station, and heard the mother say, "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot if I go?"

"Oh, mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementoes of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children.

However, she thanked me sweetly, and said,—

"I was very sorry about them. The children took much trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They cannot be quite dead."

"They will never die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other, "Wouldn't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, we could too, next summer," said the boy sturdily.

They are sure of their "next summer," I think, all six of these little souls,—children and mother and father. They may never again gather so many ox-eye daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless their summers are certain. To such souls as these, all trees, either here or in God's larger country, are Trees of Life, with twelve manner of fruits and leaves for healing; and it is but little change from the summer here, whose suns burn and make weary, to the summers there, of which "the Lord is the light."

Heaven bless them all, wherever they are.—"H. H.'s" Bits of Talk.

A MOTHER'S MISTAKE.

A young man was explaining to a little sister some beautiful lesson about the structure of a wild wood flower she had found, and which gave her great delight. "That lesson I learned from dear aunt Jenny," he explained, "in that summer when she walked and romped with us in the country; I shall always love her for that."

Though gray hairs were on her brow, that mother felt a jealous twinge that her boy should remember her friend with so much pleasure for lessons and companionship which at the time she might just as easily have given. But she had persistently put aside all entreaties to share in this out-door life that summer in the country, that she might busy herself with the endless ruffling and stitching which she then regarded as so much more important. That work had perished long ago, but the golden memories which her children had gathered and which were all associated with another, were still bright and beautiful.

Many mothers next summer will make a similar mistake, when they go with their flock into the country. Instead of living out-door lives with the children, sharing their walks and teaching them precious lessons, never to be forgotten, from every page of God's great book which opens before them, they will leave them to chance companions, and shut themselves up to a crowded sewing basket.

We cannot live over one of these precious years to rectify its mistakes, and the children are growing away from us so rapidly. Soon the world will claim them, and our seed-time will be over.

Let us try one summer time to share more in these out-door sports and lessons, and see if all parties are not gainers by it. Let us brush up an old time knowledge of botany and geology, that we may explain intelligently many curious things to be met with in our daily walk. A little knowledge is not half so "dangerous" as no knowledge at all. If we can only trace out one or two constellations as we sit on the steps of a summer evening, it may help the children to look up at the sky with a new interest ever after, and an interest with which we shall always be associated.—S. S. Times.

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been for a few months an interested reader of your correspondence, often wishing that I might be received into the fold. Trusting that I am, I hasten to speak a word to R. C. E. in behalf of those little ones who have been robbed of a portion of their sleep for some months past.

If I am awakened before I have slept quite enough my nervous system does not recover from the shock in several hours. I mean to secure all the sleep to my little ones that nature requires, and if by any means they are deprived of a portion of it they suffer for and show it plainly. Nature calls them to bed at dusk and they are always up early in the morning.

My babies always lie in bed to go to sleep, after having taken their food from nature's source. If they are sick I humor them to sleep in any way that I can; but as soon as they are better I coax them back to their old habit as soon as possible. I say coax; yes, never force them except playfully. Do not fear to take one up lest it cry more next time. A baby seldom cries if there is no pain; wind often causes intense pain so that it cannot stop crying until relief is procured. Raise the child until the wind is passed away then lay it playfully back and sleep soon comes upon it unaware. We never avoid any noise except very discordant sounds just as they are falling asleep.

From experience I am led to consider ice an excellent preventive of dysentery all through the summer months. Take it frequently into the stomach in lumps.

We cannot be too wise in regard to the diet we place before our children. My children are hearty, robust children and I allow them one lunch between their meals. LAURA.

THE PUZZLER.

ANSWERS:—1. Mrs. Dorr.
2. Miss Mulock—A Noble Life.

M ag A

I ro N

S ol O

S hr B

M orta L

U ndin E

L owl L

O mr I

C le F

K edg E

3. Scotland. 4. Pumpkin.

5.

T A P

S A T I N

F L O R I S T

M A T R I M O N Y

T R E M B L E

C L O A K

A N Y

Y

6. N A P 7. O N E
A R E N E W
P E N E W E

8. Men dying make their wills—but wives

Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives,

The gentle dames have had?

9. Kelat-tale. 10. Kiel-lie. 11.

Dover-rove. 12. Salem-male. 13.

Herat-tear.

24. Trout-rout-out-ut-t.

ENIGMA.

1. I am composed of thirty letters.
My 16, 27, 22, 15, 3, 11 is the system of created things.

My 23, 14, 3, 1, 2, 8 is to be excellent.
My 28, 7, 30 is a general course of acting.

My 17, 13, 5, 16, 18 is part of a play.
My 6, 29, 3, 9 is to observe.

My 21, 24, 20, 25, 19, 10 is a fault.

My 12, 26, 17, 22 is a plague.

My whole is a true proverb.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

2. My 1st is in time but not in clock.

My 2nd is in sheep but not in flock.

My 3rd is in state but not in town.

My 4th is in laugh but not in frown.

My 5th is in horn but not in bell.

My 6th is in buy but not in sell.

My 7th is in nose but not in mouth.

My 8th is in west but not in south.

My 9th is in hill but not in vale.

My 10th is in boat but not in sail.

My 11th is in lace but not in silk.

My 12th is in bread but not in milk.

My whole should give you no surprise,

For it is seen before your eyes.

EMILY L. R.

SQUARE WORDS.

3. Pull; get up; a country; use.

4. A lake; a region; a quantity of paper; a name.

CHARADES.

5. My first is a liquid; my second is to fortify; my whole is a vender of my first.

6. My first is to strip; my second is ugly; my third is a period of time; my whole is a journey. J. S. B.

WORD PUZZLE.

7. Fill the blanks with words pronounced the same but spelled differently.

The—was sailing in the—.

She tore her—while in the—.

He was—the letter when the—

fell.

She—her hair while crossing the—.

You can—untie that—.

I—you were doing—I know not.

He crossed the—in a—line.

During the—of the King, the—

was spoiled in the—.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

8. Transpose an animal into a deed.

Transpose an instrument into articulate sounds.

Transpose a chimney into small nails.

Transpose a metal into a wood.

Transpose an element into a word meaning prevalent.

Transpose to impress into hearts.

R. F. I.

HIDDEN STATES AND COUNTRIES.

9. I found my hat in Diana's room.

His name was Dover Montgomery.

The house moved one inch in a day.

Did you see Jap Andrews?

I sold Tom Scot land and stock.

Oh! I ought to go, but cannot.



TALKS ABOUT STOMACHS.

DR DIO LEWIS, well known for his writings and efforts to diffuse just ideas regarding health and education, has placed the people under additional obligation to him, by a book of plain, practical talks about stomachs. The work is eminently a popular one, and although embodying the results of profound science and long experience, its statements are so simple as to address themselves to minds of the most moderate culture. The doctor's principles are already quite familiar to the public. He does not believe in drugs as the fountain of health and eternal youth, but relies most implicitly on the virtues of temperate habits, proper food, fresh air, and due regulation of the hours of sleep, recreation and exercise. He aims not to produce a learned or original work, but a useful one. In this he has certainly succeeded.

He says one of the essential forces in digestion is a certain motion of the stomach and intestines, known as the vermicular or worm-like motion. The contents of the stomach during digestion must be constantly mixed and intermixed. The motion of the stomach accomplishes this mixing and intermixing.

"Please go with me to the House to dinner to-day."

Well, here we are. I want you to watch the ladies as they come in. I can't bear to hear men criticise ladies, but we will venture a little observation and comment, in a low voice, and we won't let them see that we are looking at them.

Do you see that slight, pale lady with the little girl? She is the wife of Mr. H., our wealthy broker. She is in wretched health. Look at her waist! What do you think of the chances of the vermicular motion in her stomach? It wouldn't take very long hands to clasp round that waist. And within that space not only must the stomach work, but the liver, spleen, pancreas, transverse colon, several feet of the small intestines, and many large arteries, veins, and other organs must all find room to work. Things get sadly mixed and distorted.

Look at that large red-faced woman, leaning on the arm of that little man. What immense shoulders and hips. But just notice her waist. Do you know that women have naturally larger waists in proportion to their shoulders than men? Look on the first page of any anatomical work and you will see! Look at the "Greek Slave" by Powers. Compare that with any of the great masters' pieces representing the male figure, and you will see that the female has a larger waist in proportion to the shoulders than the male. That lady weighs over two hundred pounds, while her waist is much smaller than her husband's, and he weighs not more than one hundred and twenty pounds. Her stomach after dinner is, or should be,

pretty large, her liver is an immense organ—then all the other organs which I have mentioned must find a place in there somewhere. And now, how do you suppose they manage it? Well, they get doubled up and twisted about in a very remarkable way, and a very large part of the mass is jammed down into the lower part of the abdomen. When she rises, if you will look at her person, you will observe that the lower part of the abdomen is immensely protuberant. Half of all which belongs in that part of the upper abdomen where the corset has compelled that deep scoop-shovel hollow has been pressed down into the lower abdomen.

Let us watch this large woman a little, while she eats. Soup, salmon, beef, canvassback and plum-pudding, with all the fixings, and two glasses of sherry! What do you think of that for her doubled and twisted stomach?

Now we will go. Have you seen one in this large company of ladies who gives her stomach a fair chance for the vermicular motion?

And they can't understand this miserable, dragging, faint feeling in the stomach, and that other distressing sensation of pressing down in the lower part of the abdomen.

You might just as well expect the arm or leg to work without room as the stomach. If the stomach could speak for itself, I fancy it would say:

"What do you take me for? Do you think I can digest soup, fish, meat, game, pudding, pie, ice cream, etc., and at the same time be squeezed with those infernal whalebones laced down all around with that strong cord? What do you think I am? Do you take me for a mule or jackass? My mistress, suppose your arms and legs were all tied with strong cords, and then the cruel torturer were to command you rise and toil! What would you think of it? Well, that is just what I think of your tying me down and then commanding me to work."

THE CROUP.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

The time of the year is approaching when this fearful disease will prevail, notwithstanding the many "sure cures" recommended by those who know but little of the nature of the disease in its worst forms, in some of which breathing is only secured by the insertion of a tube. There are some diseases, especially in certain persons, positively admitting of no cure, as every physician of large practice knows—he knows no sure cure except in certain cases.

The croup is caused by sudden colds—directly—with an irritation in the throat, swelling and filling up with the formation of a tough membrane in regard to the existence of which with the inexperienced, there may be a reasonable doubt. If it is caused by a cold or closed pores, it is safe to open them, which may be done by putting the patient in a bath tub of very warm water, rubbing thoroughly while in, and more so with a crash and flannel after, wrapping up well, or by wrapping them in a blanket wet in hot water. In addition, it is al-

ways safe to apply a wet cloth on which a generous supply of mustard has been sprinkled—I know of no advantage in skunk's grease or goose oil—this irritation applied to the throat and upper part of the chest, renewed if needful, and made to burn as much as may be borne, as one means of deriving the internal inflammation. These wet clothes, of course, should be covered by dry flannels, keeping the air out and the neck steaming with heat and irritation, while the feet may be kept as warm as possible, the patient allowed air in a comfortable room. Whatever is done must be done promptly as some survive but a few hours unless relieved.

Now, of emetics, why are they given? I do not know. The disease is on the pipe leading to the lungs and not to the stomach, from which alone one vomits. This vomiting may relax and sweat, but it cannot remove the membrane since the vomiting is not through that pipe, as any one may see by looking even at a common school Physiology. Hence it is a waste of time and of strength to vomit. Irritate the outside and not the inside, as a means of arresting or changing the seat of the inflammation.

I suggest no medicine since it is always safe to send for one who knows more than the mother if such can be found, and let him give personal attention.

A SPECIFIC AGAINST HYDROPHOBIA.

BY JANE GREY SWISSELM.

A lady met me this morning, saying, "Did you see that receipt for curing hydrophobia in yesterday's paper?" I had not seen it. "Well," she continued, "it is just the cure I wanted you to write about two or three years ago—the old Chester Valley cure. It never was known to fail, and was used in hundreds of cases in the eastern part of the state. I remember hearing of it as long as I can remember anything. I have told people, and told me, and talked, and no one would mind me. I tried to get you to write a letter about it and now you must write, for people will not believe. They will read and forget all about it."

I remember perfectly her anxiety that I should write to the public and proclaim that elecampane and fresh milk are the specific for hydrophobia, and my purpose to repeat the account she gave me of it, but do not remember why I did not do so. That I may atone for my negligence I now repeat what she so long ago told me and which she now urges me to make as public as possible.

In her old home in Chester county, Pa., lived a German named Joseph Emery, who used to be sent for far and wide, when any one had been bitten by a rabid animal. He went to his patient, carrying something understood to be a root, which he himself, dug in the woods. He milked a pint of milk fresh from the cow, put his root into it, boiled it; gave it to the patient fasting; made him fast after taking it; gave a second and third dose on alternate days, and never failed in effecting a cure. In some

way which she had forgotten, his secret transpired, and the root was known to be elecampane.

The story, current in the country, was that an old German made the discovery in the days of Penn., and applied to the Pennsylvania legislature for a grant of \$300 for making his secret public. His offer was treated with contempt, and he resolved that his knowledge should die with him; but a drunken son knew it, wrote out the receipt, making a number of copies and tried to sell them at one dollar apiece. One of them was offered to my informant's grandfather, who laughed at this venter of important medical knowledge. He only succeeded in selling two, one of these to the man who made such effective use of it. So well did he establish the local reputation of his specific, that, in his neighborhood, folks were not afraid of mad dogs. His reputation was parallel to that of Dr. Marchant, of Greensburg, to whom every one in this part of the country used to go, or send, when bitten by a mad dog.

The intelligence and integrity of my informant are beyond question, and I regret that her love of privacy should prevent her giving the weight of her name to her conviction that you have published an unfailing specific for hydrophobia. The people of Chester valley are not of a class likely to be misled by superstition, and she is confident it was a general or universal belief that Jacob Emery never failed to cure or prevent hydrophobia. In one case the spasms had begun before the first dose was given, and the patient recovered. She is anxious you should publish the receipt again and again, keep it standing, and call attention to it until every one cuts out and preserves a copy, and is impressed with the importance of using the remedy at once, in case of danger. The medical properties of elecampane are very powerful. Milk itself is a specific for many poisons, and while the medical faculty know no cure for this terrible disease, we should open every avenue of light into the dark subject. If the disease is one of the imagination, we want a specific to give confidence and cure by the imagination; but this looks like a real cure of a veritable disease.—*Pittsburgh Commercial*.

SWEET OIL FOR POISON.

A plain farmer writes: "It is now over twenty years since I heard that sweet-oil would cure the bite of a rattlesnake, not knowing that it would cure other kinds of poison. Practice and experience have taught me that it will cure poisons of any kind, both on man and beast. The patient must take a spoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse, it takes eight times as much as for a man. One of the most extreme cases of snake bites occurred eleven years ago. It had been of thirty days' standing, and the patient had been given up by his physician. I gave him a spoonful of the oil, which effected a cure. It will cure bloat in cattle caused by fresh clover. It will cure the stings of bees, spiders, or other insects, and persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine called ivy."—*College Courier*.



BREAKFAST DISHES.

BY PEARL VIVIEN.

IN farming communities where the first meal of the day is a substantial one, the daily recurring question, "What shall we have for breakfast?" is a less puzzling one; but in cities and villages the housewife often finds her ingenuity taxed to the utmost in the endeavor to answer it three hundred and sixty-five times a year. Indoor occupations call for a lighter diet than that of the farmer, who during a morning of active exercise in the open air, can digest half a pound of fried ham, two or three fried eggs, several potatoes, a slice or two of brown bread and an incredible quantity of pickled cabbage. It cannot be affirmed that the agriculturist does not suffer from such a dish—that he never becomes the bond slave of his stomach—but that long suffering organ will bear more abuse when aided in its work by favoring circumstances, than otherwise. I give a few recipes which those persons who prefer comparatively light breakfasts may find useful. And first, one which has recently been called for by a correspondent of *THE HOUSEHOLD*.

Brevia.—Put a little new milk on the stove in a saucepan and bring it to a boil. Add a sufficient quantity of bread, crumbed fine, salt and butter, and stir until quite thick. By a little practice you will learn the relative quantities of milk and of bread crumbs which you should use. More milk may be added while cooking if necessary. Eggs, either boiled, baked or scrambled may be eaten with it if desired.

Muffins without Eggs.—One pint of new milk, not quite half a teacup of yeast, two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted in the milk, one-half teacup of sugar and a little salt; add flour and beat well. Let it stand over night and in the morning add soda if necessary; bake in muffin rings or cup cake pans. They are delicious.

Escaloped Potato.—Mash boiled potatoes, add salt, a little milk, a plentiful supply of butter and hard-boiled eggs, about three for two persons; cut with a knife, but not too fine, sprinkle pepper over the top and set in the oven to brown a little.

An excellent drink for breakfast is *Chocolate*.—To make one cup, take one-half cup of milk and a little more than one-half cup of hot water, to allow for boiling away; bring to a boil and stir in a heaped teaspoonful of powdered chocolate and the same quantity of sugar, and boil for ten minutes, stirring once or twice.

CARVING.

It is only of late years that the duty of carving has fallen to the lot of the master of the house. The work of dismembering a fowl or reducing a roast to slices before our time was always performed by the mistress of

the establishment. We learn from the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that a century ago there were in England professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically. This task must have required no small share of bodily strength, for the lady was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her guests to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish when chosen with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint in its turn was carried up to be operated upon by her, and by her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier. His department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or Squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half-inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. Lady Montagu said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect in the art on such occasions as she was required to preside at her father's table. In order to perform her duties successfully she was obliged to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.

The mistress of a house at this point occupied not only a very important, but a very laborious, position. It must be mentioned that the profusion of provisions in the banquets of the time bordered upon barbarous magnificence, compared to the elegant modes of preparing dishes in the present day, and called for dining-halls and kitchens of sufficient dimensions to avoid the confusion that must otherwise have occurred. Hence the superintendence of a household was a labor of great extent and responsibility.

It was held that a woman had no right to enter the estate of matrimony unless possessed of a good knowledge of cookery. Otherwise she could perform but half her vow. She might love and obey, but she could not cherish. To be perfect in this art she must know in which quarter of the moon to plant and gather all kinds of herbs and salads throughout the year. She must also be "cleanly, have a quick ear, a curious nose, a perfect taste, and a ready ear," and be neither butter-fingered, sweet-toothed, nor faint-hearted. For if she were the first of these she would let everything fall; if the second, she would consume that which she should increase; and if the third, she would lose time with too much niceness.

For an ordinary feast, with which any goodman might entertain his friends, about sixteen dishes were considered a suitable supply for the first course. This included such substantial articles as a shield of brawn with mustard, a boiled capon, a piece of boiled beef, a chine of beef roasted, a neat's tongue roasted, a pig roasted, minced chickens made into balls, a roasted goose, a swan, a turkey, a

haunch of venison, a venison pasty, a kid with a pudding in it, an olive pie, a couple of roast capons and a custard. Besides these principal dishes the housewife added as many salads, fricassees, and pasties as made thirty-two dishes, which were considered as many as it was polite to put upon the table for a first course. Then followed second and third courses, in which many of the dishes were for show only, but were so tastefully made as to contribute much to the beauty of the feast.

With the carving and distribution of such a variety of dishes as these to attend to, the "burden of the honor" of presiding over a banquet must have pressed heavily upon the housewife whose duty it was to see to the ordering of the feast.—*Harper's Weekly*.

HEALTHY BREAKFASTS.

In a large majority of cases it will be found that the best and heartiest meal of the day should be eaten in the morning. If the closing repast of the day has not been eaten too late, or has not been excessive in quantity or indigestible in quality, the stomach will be rested and active in the morning after the individual has enjoyed a cool bath. The stomach will then respond quickly with the necessary gastric juice for the solution of food, and, if a fair amount of exercise is taken during the day, a large mass of food will be assimilated and converted into blood and tissue.

With a good, substantial breakfast, no great amount of food will be required during the remainder of the day. One further meal will be ample, and that might better be taken at from two to three o'clock in the afternoon than at any later period, if business engagements only permitted it.

The breakfast may be made from any kind of wholesome food, and the fewer kinds the better. The dinner should be light and a strong appetite and perfect powers of digestion next day. If hunger comes, a bowl of sweet milk and well-cooked mush of Indian meal, or other unbolted grain, will allay it, and will digest quickly.

One "square meal" in every twenty-four hours is all that can be taken care of by many weak stomachs, and more than this is an excess, and induces headache, nausea and distress. If dinners were abandoned, and especially late and heavy dinners, myriads of dyspeptics would be cured. But under the exigencies of city life, a late dinner cannot well be avoided. This need not be the tremendous meal it is customary to make it, if the breakfast be substantial and nutritious, and not a thing of slops and biscuits, as it too often is.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN GUESTS.

Emerson says: "I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village.

But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and be-

haviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparsely, and sleep hard, in order to behold.

Certainly, let the board be spread and the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things.

Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds."

THE DESSERT.

—Half-baked bread is a dough-mess-stick affair.

—A man who is always in a stew generally goes to pot.

—No young lady is so honest that she will refuse to hook a dress.

—What is the difference between spermaceti and a school-boy's howl? One is the wax produced by the whale, and the other is the wall produced by the whacks.

—How a man can afford to give away an eighteen-dollar chromo with a pound of dollar tea, puzzles people who don't know the immense profits made on teas.

—When at a trial match of sausage-making machines in Cincinnati one of them amputated the hand of its exhibitor, a heartless bystander remarked that it took the palm.

—A western editor insists that he wrote the word "trousseau" as plain as a pike-staff in connection with certain bridal presents. The printer, however, vulgarly put it "trousers."

—The newspapers state that a well-known banker of Paris has absconded, leaving a deficit behind. Mrs. Partington thinks that it was very good of the poor man to leave it when he might have got off with everything.

—A gentleman while making a speech, inadvertently stepping forward, fell off the platform. In response to the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall, he claimed that any speaker had a right to come down to the level of his audience.

—During a clerical conference, the following conversation was heard between two newsboys: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."

—A professor asked his class: "What is the aurora?" A student scratching his head, replied: "Well, professor, I did know but I have forgotten." "Well, that is sad, very sad," rejoined the professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew, has forgotten it."

—A party who was looking at a house the other day, said he couldn't afford to pay so much rent. "Well, look at the neighborhood," replied the woman; "you can borrow flatirons next door, coffee and tea across the street, flour and sugar on the corner, and there's a big pile of wood belonging to the school-house right across the alley!"



A CRITICISM IN RHYME.

HITHER—NEITHER.

Have you seen a dictionary
Of this new vocabulary,
Which pronounces *Either* i-ther,
And pronounces *Neither* ny-ther?
Do not call it affectation,
Shoddy show pronunciation:
It upsets the *ei* diphthong,
Making *e* and *i* change places,
With the ease of Grecian graces;
Only let them change their stations
In like place in all relations—
Change their places in believers,
Change them also in deceivers—
Change *conceited* to *concyted*,
Fortune's *freight* to *fright* affrighted,
For the rule which gives us i-ther,
Changing *neither* into ny-ther,
Makes *believers* all belyvers,
And *deceivers* all decyvers,
The *conceited* man *concyted*,
While the *freighted* ship is fry-ted,
Deigning too, is dining true,
For every line brings something new.
Vein is vine before this current;
Weight is wite, with Yankee accent;
If you cannot change these, also,
Speak as others do, or should do.

—New York Express.

NOVEL-READING.

SOMETHING like a century and a half ago, Robinson Crusoe, the first English novel ever written, was published.

From that day during some seventy-five years hardly a dozen prose fictions were issued from the English press. And it was not until the beginning of the present century that the real dawn of English romantic literature appeared.

The pens of Horace Walpole and Mrs. Radcliffe traced out the first rays. They were closely followed by Sir Walter Scott and a few lesser lights; while from that time forward there was a rapidly accelerated increase of story-writers, that poured out upon the mother country a flood of romantic publications, that finally overflowing swept across the Atlantic to our own land. Here were those who, after a time, took up the pen and their constantly increasing numbers have filled our American libraries and homes with a quantity of romantic literary productions, in various forms, and of various degrees of interest, merit, or meretriciousness.

The novel proper, with its kindred publications is, as a rule, an exponent of superficial knowledge—a paucity of ideas tricked out in a tempting and wordy array. There are, indeed, many exceptions, but to the uncultured and unguided mind it is well-nigh an impossibility to choose from the mass, that which may possess true worth, and repay the expenditure of time and attention in its perusal. Hence it is with books and periodicals as with other articles of merchandise, that the cheap and worthless are thrust into notice and palmed off upon the unwitting, by those who find a ready source of profit in the traffic; but unlike other merchandise, their use instead of teaching the purchaser their worse than worthlessness, may produce a directly adverse effect, and

form about him a cloud of delusion that even many years' experience of the rough realities of life may not serve to dissipate.

As pointing to a growing desire for intellectual food among the lower classes, the rapid increase of romantic literature is a hopeful indication. And perhaps we may look for one of the reasons of this increase to the results of the idea, that has steadily been gaining ground all over the civilized world, that there can be no substantial basis of effective civilization except it be founded upon popular education. When the child goes forth from the dull drilling of the primary school, with his half-fledged longing after knowledge, a love of reading comes into being, is nourished and gains strength according to his mental capacity, and his opportunities of gratifying that love. Here, no doubt, is the most perilous point and there is needed for guidance an intelligent and cultured intellect. From this point forward, the minds of all young persons who are possessed of sufficient mental energy to be unwilling to become, in afterlife, mere machines for the acquisition of wealth and the physical necessities of life, will be moved, and swayed, and moulded by the sentiments of the books they peruse, while they will adopt, to a greater or lesser extent, the views and principles advocated by their authors.

However extended may be one's social intercourse, the influence of his readings is ever present. Thoughts inspired by the work last read, come into being during the quiet evening walk with a companion; in the middle of the gaily dressed party; at the noon's repose, or during the performance of the daily duties; in the waking hour at dead of night, and even in dreams, and stamp themselves indelibly upon the mind, while the stream of everyday events may flow lightly over the surface leaving slight impressions. A book—an author's best thoughts expressed in few words—is an omnipresent reality, while the persons and things of daily life pass by with a shadowy rapidity of succession.

Thus, the love of reading if left without guidance, may become to the young, and especially to the young of the gentler sex, shut out as they are, in a measure, from active life and from the opportunity of personal observations of its realities, a fruitful source of evil. The poet Burns, though living at a time when English romance had hardly attained its childhood, through his unequalled knowledge of human nature and acute literary understanding recognized this danger. There is a little poem which was written in his memorandum book when he was living near Mauchline and which probably was intended never to meet the eyes of the world:

"O! leave novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks,
For fashious rooks like Rob Moss-giel.
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel,
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Moss-giel."

But with proper care, there need no evil result to any one from a reasonable amount of novel-reading. It should be borne in mind that romance

of every kind is but dessert to be partaken of only in connection with other intellectual food, and then but sparingly, lest intellectual indigestion be the result. Surely, the mass of volumes bearing the names of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, "George Eliot," Charlotte Bronte, Mrs. Mulock, Craik, Irving, Hawthorne and Cooper, with a few choice bits now and then, rescued from the tide constantly flowing from our publishing houses, furnish sufficient literary recreation, of sufficient variety to satisfy the most energetic or epicurean brain.

Though there may continue for generations, to be those who, from earliest childhood to old age, will find their sole mental food in sensational stories and novels, yet we can look most hopefully to the future. Certain publishers have well begun the work of putting forth for children scientific books, books of travels, and those treating upon various subjects that were once supposed to be intended for only the mature and the learned, written and published in most attractive styles. That these are well received by the children and their elders, is an earnest of what we may expect in the future.

The courses of study in our colleges are being constantly raised to a higher standard, the number of students as constantly increased, and with slow-moving approaches towards a perfect system of popular education surely following, we may hope that ere long our nation may equal the German in the profundity of its literary and educational acquirements and culture, while we surpass it in the attractiveness of our literary productions of every kind, and in the universality of the advanced courses of study. Then we shall learn that the healthy, active mind does not necessarily require the element of sensation to be mingled with its reading to render it interesting, and that superficiality and morbid sentimentalism need not constitute the principal attraction of a novel truly fascinating.

E. E. E.

DEAD LETTERS.

During the month of June, over three hundred and thirty-eight thousand letters misdirected or otherwise not deliverable were received at the dead letter office. Of these one-half consisted of business correspondence, and eleven thousand seven hundred contained money, checks, receipts, drafts or documents of value to the persons sending the letters. This statement for June is simply an exhibit of the indolent business habits of Americans. This half way method of doing business has been the despair of government officers and thorough business men since the beginning of the postal system. Thousands of newspaper proprietors have expostulated with the public, time after time; and still the old careless way is pursued of sending letters with a statement of money enclosed, when the money never was out of the sender's pocket.

No doubt many of the letters that reach the dead letter office are directed by persons who have a belief in an omniscient postoffice department.

They think, perhaps, that any exactness is unnecessary; if the name of the person is tolerably clear, the letter will go by some marvelous ledger-deman or supposed remarkable insight of postoffice clerks. Were it not for the wonderful acuteness of these clerks, twice as many letters would reach the dead letter office as do at present. It is not the fault of the public servants that causes this annual waste in the dead letter office; it is the supreme carelessness of letter writers.

THE REVIEWER.

THE SHINING RIVER. A new collection of Sabbath School Songs, by H. S. & W. O. PERKINS. Price 35 cents. \$30 per hundred. Oliver Ditson & Co.

Here are about 150 new fresh and bright sacred pieces for the children and their teachers. One cannot introduce a new Sabbath School Song Book as being very distinctively different from all others.—Quite a number of Americans have the "trick" of writing this kind of music, and do it, we will venture to say, better than any body else in the world. But the Messrs. Perkins are among the best, and this little work is perfect in its way, and pure and fresh as the waters of the great beautiful, shining stream pictured in the title.

HERBERT CARTER'S LEGACY, by Horatio Alger. This is the eighth and concluding volume of the Luck and Pluck series, a set of books very popular with the boys. This volume has all the interesting characteristics of its predecessors and the author endeavors to illustrate the truth that with courage and perseverance, the many trials and obstacles of life may be overcome. Herbert Carter is the only son of a poor widow, but by courage, honesty and fidelity secures powerful friends for himself and an honorable position among men. Published by Loring, Boston; for sale by Cheney & Clapp, Brattleboro. Price \$1.50.

ST. NICHOLAS.—St. Nicholas, for November, begins its third volume with a telling number—fresh, bright, varied, healthy. It contains some twenty-five interesting contributions; it gives us articles from more than a dozen of the best writers in the country. In the excellence and variety of its contents, as a single number it could hardly be surpassed. It crowds a strong story by one fine writer with an instructive sketch or a dainty poem by another. From Mr. Brook's serial "The Boy Emigrants"—which is just begun and promises an amazing store of adventure—to the rhyme of "Little Dutch Gretchen," with its quaint little picture, it would be hard to find a single dull or commonplace article.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November, handsomely illustrated, contains: Up the Thames; first paper; illustrated; by Edward C. Bruce. St. Augustine in April; illustrated; by Sidney Lanier. The Atonement of Leam Dundas; part III; by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Qualla; by Rebecca Harding Davis. Camp-fire Lyrics; VII; Solitude; by Edward Kearsley. The Magic Handkerchief. Summer Days at Vichy; by A. E. Lancaster. Dost Thou Remember? a poem; by Mary E. Atkinson. The Comrades; a story; in four chapters; chapter III; by Sarah Winter Kellogg. A French Provincial Writer; by Will Wallace Harney. Retrospect; a poem; by Kate Hillard. Still Water; by Edgar Fawcett. Our Monthly Gossip—Hornberg in the Black Forest; Parisian Hotels and Boarding-houses; The Late Lady Holland; Relative Size of Ancient and Modern People. Literature of the Day. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

The November or Missionary number of the LADIES' REPOSITORY will be found to be an exceedingly interesting number of this excellent magazine. There are given in the frontispiece, portraits of Drs. Reid and Dashiell, and the late Thomas M. Eddy. The face of Dr. Eddy will recall many associations, sad and pleasing. On the opposite page is an engraving of the tomb of Rev. Bishop Kingsley, D. D., at Beyrout, Syria. The Editor's Repository is full of interesting matter, and as a whole the number is an unusually fine one.

LITTLE CHRISTIE AND HER FRIENDS. Published by Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston.

The author of this book has evidently aimed at the preparation of a neat volume to place in the hands of young people whose associates are addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Especially is it adapted to the perusal of a young lady with friends among the sterner sex who yield occasionally to the power of drink plague.

THE POOR CLERK AND HIS CROOKED SIX-PENCE. By George E. Sargent. Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, Boston, Publisher.

This is a work for young people and is wrought out with a skill and grace which evinces close observation of the humbler walks of life. It speaks to the heart through its clear description of the manner in which a young man walked the ways of the world, often on the very verge of ruin, how at length he escaped. This is not a deeply religious work, but is evidently written for wanderers, and the lonely hearts that sin has blighted, but which may yet have some hope of climbing up again to virtue.



AQUARIUM FOR THE HOME.

BY P. R. HAY, M. D.

To fill the aquarium: first, cover the bottom of the tank to the depth of one-half inch with pure fine sand, on top of which put an equal quantity of fine gravel; over this gravel sprinkle small ornamental stones, shells, coral, etc. Everything put into the tank must be thoroughly washed. Next put in position an ornamental central piece of coral, stone, or anything out of which you can construct an arch through which the fish can readily swim. Now fill the tank one-third full, with pure cold water from the lake, river, or well.

The best aquatic plant for aerating the water in the aquarium is *Anacharis Canadensis*, found growing under water on the bottom of nearly all sluggish streams and ponds. The *Valisneria Spiralis* (eel-grass) is next best, after which comes the *Myriophyllum Spirale* and the *Myriophyllum Verticillatum*. There is a species of *Conferia* found in rapid streams, attached to stones, that is an excellent aerator, valuable especially during the winter, when other plants do not flourish. If you get the *Anacharis*, remove all decayed stems and leaves, wash clean, and arrange in packets of ten to fifteen. Make a hole in the sand, insert the butt-end of the plants, and secure in this position by pressing small stones about them. Insert in this way about six or eight bunches, and be careful to make them secure at the bottom. Roots are not necessary, as the cuttings will soon send out fine, white rootlets. Now you are ready to fill up the tank with water to within one and a half inches of the top. Wait two or three days before introducing the fish, that the plants may have time to commence growing.

Almost any small species of fish may thrive in the aquarium, but we think the best for the purpose are the red-bellied minnows and sticklebacks, all found in small streams. Select small fish; from four to eight for a

tank holding from eight to twelve gallons. Such a tank will support four small ones better than one larger. Introduce also ten or twelve water snails. The *Lymnae* are the best; yet the *Planorbis* and the *Physa* are interesting. Better, however, get a few of every kind you can find in the ponds and stagnant pools in your vicinity. They feed on the softer parts of aquatic plants, and do not exhaust the oxygen mixed with the water, for they are air-breathing, and have to come to the surface to take in a supply of air to be used while they go about cleansing the plants and the glass of the tank with their curiously constructed jaws.

The best food for the fish is angle-worms and flies in summer, and fine bits of fresh raw meat in winter. Never give the fish more than they can eat at one time, for whatever is left will injure the water.

The best place for the aquarium is where it will be exposed to the sun at least one hour each day, in order that the plants may exhale oxygen, which can only take place under the stimulus of light. Too much light, however, is to be avoided, as the fish do not thrive when exposed to the sun, and the glass will be soiled by *conferia*, a green vegetable matter. In summer an out-door position is best, if there be sufficient shade. It is well to cover the aquarium, both for the shade and to keep the fish from leaping out of the tank.

If well balanced with plants, fish and shells, the water will remain sweet for an indefinite time. We have an aquarium that has been in service for the last twelve years, and which does not require a change of water oftener than once or twice a year, and then only to renew the sand which becomes filled with excrementitious matter.

A well regulated aquarium is a beautiful ornament for the home, and one which is a perpetual source of amusement and instruction. It has the peculiar advantage of making us acquainted with forms and habits of animated existence which are commonly hid from our inspection. Thus its influence upon the family circle is wholesome and elevating, tending constantly to awaken in all the members, both young and old, an increased love for the contemplation of the wondrous skill and wisdom of the Great Creator.

If lizards, frogs, or other amphibious animals are introduced, they should be provided with some surface above the water to climb upon. The rocks may be built above the water, or a piece of flat cork may be allowed to float upon it, when the animals will climb and produce no small amount of amusement and instruction.

Gold fish may be kept ten or twelve years, (their average period of existence) by using the following precautions:

1st. Allow not more than one fish to two quarts of water. 2d. Use the same kind of water, whether well or river; change it every day in summer, and twice each week in winter. 3d. Keep clean sand and pebbles at the bottom, washing it occasionally or replacing with a fresh supply. 4th. Use a small net rather than the hand

while changing the water. 5th. Feed with cracker, yolk of egg, lettuce or flies, once each week except in cold weather. Feed but a little at a time. Remove any crumbs that may remain on the surface after feeding. 6th. Do not feed at all from November to the end of February, and but little during the following three months.

THE "FROST-FLOWER" OF RUSSIA.

A Boston Journal describes an extraordinary Frost-flower of Russia, which has been produced, it is said, in Boston in a temperature of artificial cold. This wonderful plant, or rather flower, is found only on the northern boundaries of Siberia, where the snow is eternal. It was discovered in 1863 by Count Swinosskoff, the eminent Russian botanist, who was ennobled by the Czar for his discovery. Bursting from the frozen snow on the first day of the year, it grows to the height of three feet, and flowers on the third day, remains in flower twenty-four hours, and then dissolves itself into its original element—stem, leaves, and flowers being of the finest snow.

The stalk is about one inch in diameter; the leaves—three in number—in the broadest part are one inch and a half in width, and are covered with infinitesimal cones of snow; they grow only on one side of the stalk, to the north, curving gracefully in the same direction. The flower when fully expanded, is in shape, a perfect star; the petals are three inches in length, half an inch wide in the broadest parts, and tapering sharply to a point. These are also interlaced one with another in a beautiful manner, forming the most delicate basket of frost-work the most wonderful. The anthers are five in number, and on the third day after the birth of the flower of snow are to be seen on the extremities thereof, trembling and glittering like diamonds, the seeds of this wonderful flower, about as large as a pin's head.

The old botanist says, when he first beheld this flower, "I was dumb with astonishment; filled with wonderment, which gave way to joy the most ecstatic on beholding this wonderful work of nature, this remarkable phenomenon of snow—to see this flower springing from the snowy desert, born of its own composite atoms. I touched the stem of one lightly, but it fell at my touch, and a morsel of snow only remained in my hand." Gathering some of the flowers in snow, in order to preserve the little diamond-like seeds, he hied to St. Petersburg with, to him, the greatest prize of his life-time. All through the year they were kept in snow, and on the first day of the year following, the Court of St. Petersburg were delighted with the bursting forth of the wonderful Frost-flower.

Our friends in Boston succeeded in obtaining several of the seeds, and all through the summer and autumn they have been imbedded in snow brought at great expense from the White Mountains and the Coast of Labrador; and they now have the most unbounded satisfaction and pleasure of

announcing that all signs are favorable to the realization of their fondest hopes, the production of the flower of snow. The snow and ice are in a large glass refrigerator, with the thermometer forty-five degrees below zero, and the solid bed of snow has already begun to show little fissures and a slight bulging in the centre, unmistakable evidences of the forthcoming of the phenomenon.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

SPATTER WORK.

MR. CROWELL:—In reading my HOUSEHOLD I had, until to-day, overlooked an item in the recipe column, therefore, pardon me for omitting this information in my yesterday's letter.

Fanny Fern wishes full instructions for spatter work; I will try and tell her how I do it. Let the article which is to receive the impression, be it silk, velvet, or cardboard, lie perfectly smooth and even; now lay the ferns, leaves, or whatever pattern you desire to spatter upon it, in any design you please. Next pour out the ink you are to use into a shallow dish. Have ready a rather coarse comb and a fine toothbrush. Dip the brush in the ink and shake it carefully that it may not blot; then hold the comb in the left hand over the cardboard, and about two inches above it, and with the right hand draw the brush briskly back and forth across it, until the shading is as dark as required. Then carefully remove the ferns, etc., and allow the article to dry a few minutes before moving it. I find it is not necessary to use India ink, as our common writing ink answers all purposes, and with the exception of purple, holds its color and brightness unaffected by sun or washing; I have made very pretty tidies, and toilet sets, on velvet muslin, and pique, and cardboard mottoes.

If Fanny Fern, or any other HOUSEHOLD member would like, I can send them very handsome patterns for spatter work letters, for mottoes; also, a pretty cross. MRS. G. A. M. Uxbridge, Mass.

LEAF PHOTOGRAPHS.

Dissolve an ounce or two of bichromate of potash in water, making the solution as strong as possible, turn it into a shallow dish and soak sheets of white paper in it. They will be a bright yellow color, and must at once be put in a dark place and dried. On a thin board lay a little cushion of paper, then a piece of the prepared paper, place the leaf on this and a piece of glass over the whole, and clamp them together with clothespins. Carry it into the sunshine, and in a few minutes all the yellow paper, except that protected by the leaf, will turn brown. Take out the picture and wash it repeatedly in pure water to dissolve all the unaltered salt, and when dry the process is complete. Little sprays of ferns make pretty pictures for spare places in the album; some leaves show the veins perfectly, and a great many combinations can be made by cutting letters and placing them in a little wreath of ferns, photographing dried butterflies, etc.—Ec.



HOUSEKEEPING AS A PROFESSION.

AS regards the subject itself, hardly too much can be said of its importance. Indeed, one chief cause of the poor housekeeping of which we hear such loud complaints, is that neither men nor women fully recognize it as a dignified and worthy profession. As a general thing, both its value and its difficulties are greatly underrated. Those who have had no experience in the matter regard it as a simple straightforward business, requiring only moderate intelligence and industry, and a fair share of good nature. They imagine that somehow or other the necessary qualifications for successful housekeeping will come of themselves, when they are needed, they are astonished when they witness the many failures of the housekeeper, whose mind and hands have hitherto been absorbed by wholly different matters.

It is taken for granted, that to enter any other business, due preparation must be made, and responsibility must only be assumed gradually. Years of patient toil are often spent in acquiring the requisite knowledge and skill to pursue some handicraft, demanding not one-tenth of the ability, judgment and circumspection which is necessary to guide a household. If those who make light of this occupation would but consider the great variety of talent required to fulfil its duties well, the numerous different offices it includes, the multifarious knowledge it demands, the continual occasions for the exercise of patience, judgment, ingenuity and skill it offers, and the frequent exercise of self-denial it calls for, they would alter their opinions sufficiently, at least, to accord the highest respect to those who do succeed in this very complex profession.

Let us not then be too severe upon the young wife and mother, who, without any true recognition of the position she has assumed, without any previous training or experience, without any knowledge even of the great principles which lie at the foundation of her life-work, and with only a human proportion of the high moral quality so needful for its success, fails in producing the manifold delightful results of a carefully ordered household, where enjoyment and economy go hand in hand; where children are healthy, happy and intelligent; where servants are well trained, faithful and contented, and where everything is so arranged that each member of the family regards his home as the happiest spot on earth. Surely the marvel would rather be if in a single instance such grand and extensive results could follow such meagre and feeble causes. We have no desire to magnify the difficulties of this profession or to discourage in any way those who are called to cope with them, but we do insist that the first step toward successful housekeeping is for both men and women to appreciate its dig-

nity and understand that its manifold duties demand at least as full and thorough preparation as those of any other profession.

As to the means of obtaining this preparation, we must confess that they are as yet quite inadequate. There are all sorts of educational enterprises and systems, but, hitherto, none that we know of to prepare students for the profession of housekeeping. There are, doubtless, peculiar difficulties in the way of such an undertaking, yet they are not insuperable; and when technical education in all its branches is fully established we trust that this profession will obtain something like its merited consideration. Meantime much can be done by mothers, in the family home, that is now thought impossible. There at least, daughters can share in the family cares, responsibility and labors, and thus gain considerable practical knowledge and skill, while gradually relieving the overburdened mother.

Methods, however, will soon be suggested and adopted when the profession itself receives the honor it deserves. As long as it is slighted and scorned as mere drudgery, or treated as an easy matter of course an affair that should come to women by instinct, it is useless to discuss details or suggest measures to improve it. The great thing needed is to impress both men and women with its value, its dignity and difficulties, and when it once takes its true place in society as an honorable profession, there will not be wanting methods to pursue, and energy to carry them out.—*Ex.*

LITTLE HELPS.

As the life of the housekeeper is made up of little things, it is economy for her to make use of all the helps she can lay hold of to lighten her toils and abridge her labors. A thoroughly appointed kitchen, pantry, and laundry, is for her many more times to be desired than an elegantly furnished shut-up parlor, or even a handsome and well-equipped library or dining room. If the choice lies between luxury in the kitchen and luxury in the parlor, the sensible housewife will not be long in deciding which she shall have. How shall she ever get the good out of life unless she takes it as she goes along? And she who spends her days in providing with her own hands for the daily recurring wants of her family, will be likely to spend a large part of her time in the kitchen.

Let this room, then, of all rooms in the house, unless it be the dining-room, be sunny, well-ventilated, and furnished with everything that can make the work easy and attractive—a good stove, water in and out, and plenty of closet room. Adjoining it should be a well-appointed pantry, in which the cook will find everything at hand when she wishes to compound bread or cake, or prepare the daily meals. If hash is to be made or mince pies, the chopper is ready for use, the apple-parer and corer also, and the work is done in a few moments. If Saratoga potatoes are to be on the dinner-table, the potato-slicer cuts them in a short time, and a most appetizing dish is prepared for the table with slight trouble. If

fruit cake is to be made, the raisin-seeder makes brief work of the part usually most tedious. Spices in a nest of boxes require no searching out and gathering together; everything needed to do cooking quickly and well is within easy reach. To expect a cook to furnish regularly and promptly nutritious and palatable meals without providing her with the necessary tools, is akin to the ancient cruelty of the Pharaohs in requiring the Hebrews to find their own straw and yet furnish the full tale of bricks.

The same is true of other domestic operations. In house-cleaning, how necessary is that long-handled brush called a "pope's head," by means of which cobwebs and dust may be removed from corners and ceilings accessible to the ordinary broom only by much straining and reaching up; and what a blessing is a good step-ladder, which does away with the clumsy contrivance of piling chairs or tables when one would reach the tops of doors and windows. To accompany the step-ladder, nothing is more apropos than the "household pail," a combination of pail, soap-dish, and sand-receiver, with a broad, saucer-like basin at the bottom of the pail to hold brushes and cloths, and to receive any stray slops that might otherwise fall on the carpet. The long-handled dust-pan is a fit companion for the conveniences named, and renders all stooping to adjust the pan, receive the dust, and remove it, quite unnecessary.

Among laundry conveniences, next to the washer and wringer, comes the ironing table, a combination of table, settee, and closet, the lower part of the table being a long box in which the ironing blanket and its near of kin, the flat-irons, the bosom-board, the clothes-line, and clothes-pins can be kept when not in use, and on which, when ironing is not going on, and the table is turned down, taking the shape of a settee, a comfortable lounging place may be had by children and grown folks. The fact is that, though these little helps cost money, there is economy in using them. Human muscle is the costliest force we can apply to the work of daily life, and when this muscle is that of wives and mothers, the economy of supplying all the little helps that will diminish labor needs no argument.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD BAND:—Having been introduced to you some months since I thought I would make you a short call this beautiful autumn day, and if you will pardon me for not rapping I will enter. How are you all getting along, and dear Mrs. Dorr, I shall never forget her kindly teaching. I came near saying Mother Dorr, I think she must be a mother to everyone, she always has a kind word for all classes and ages. In imagination I can see you all as you arise each morning to resume the cares and duties of the day, little faces and hands ready for school, the morning meal to be cleared away, dinner to be prepared, the rooms to be put in order and made to look pleasant and cheerful for husband's return, and oh, so many cares that only a mother knows.

Yet we would not be deprived of one of those many cares, it is no task to do for those we love; how many a poor, almost heart-broken mother would toil night and day could she but call her lost darling back from that long, long sleep. Ah, mothers, when we have our little ones around us in the enjoyment of health, we little know how much their presence contributes to our own happiness, until they are suddenly snatched from us and we are left to remember the past like a beautiful dream that has vanished.

I wish to have a few words with Clara then I will step out for there may be some sister at the door waiting to come in. Clara wishes to know how to polish shirt bosoms. I have polished now for about four years and have been more than paid many a time for all the pains I have taken, in seeing such an approving smile on the face of my husband, and if you will follow my directions I think you will be successful. Procure a good polishing iron rounding at one end and a smooth hard wood board that is also rounding at one end; mine is one inch thick, nine inches wide, and eighteen inches long; do not have any covering on the board, but after the shirt has been ironed and dried, slip the board through and let the bosom lie flat upon it; now take a clean white cloth, squeeze one end in some clear water, now rub very lightly over the bosom, so very lightly you can hardly perceive you have dampened it any, now have your iron considerable hot and rub briskly over the bosom bearing only on the rounding part of the iron and you will soon be rewarded by seeing a very fine polish on the linen; if you follow these directions I think you cannot fail. I hope at some future day to hear how you have succeeded. Adieu, and may you one and all remember

FANNY.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD:—As I sat in my cosy little sitting room this evening after the labors of the day were over and the little ones snug in their crib I wondered if I might not make my voice heard for a moment by the dear band who gather round THE HOUSEHOLD Hearthstone each month.

I wish some of you worn and weary ones could step into this little room this evening and we would just have a nice little chat, and talk over the many trials and temptations that hinder us so—not forgetting to number our mercies too, and then the sunshine would come in, I am sure, for how they would brighten and multiply as we thought of them till we should all become filled with new life and fresh courage for the work and worry of the morrow.

But as we cannot do that, aren't you glad that Mr. Crowell has provided such a cheery place where we may gather though we be ever so far away? Let us imagine that our HOUSEHOLD sitting room is made bright with autumn leaves and ferns, mosses, and trailing vines, that the pictures on the walls are all bright and cheery, and that no sound but of love and harmony is ever heard therein, and then let us try, Oh! so earnestly, to make our individual homes like unto it.

I wonder, sometimes if other mothers come as far short as I do, of being what they want to be. I wonder if they do find themselves speaking impatiently to the little ones so often, and if it is as hard for all to govern wisely; but I suppose that at least in many things we are all much alike, only we know our own trials and temptations while those of others are hidden from us.

I think, sometimes, if I had foreseen the responsibility and cares of wifehood and motherhood, I should have passed the cup untasted by, but if you ask if I am sorry I did not, I would say no—a thousand times no—for if I have cares I also have comforts, neither few nor small. First the love and sympathy and help of one of the truest and best, and then the joys of maternity—who but those that know can imagine the blessing the dear little ones are to us? How the coming of each little one develops our womanhood and makes us feel more and more the need of perfect reliance and trust on the Master that we may guide the little ones in the safe way that leads to rest eternal.

But I am keeping the floor too long. I fancy our editor begins to look grave and wants to say "hold," so with one practical suggestion I will close. My husband said to me the other day, "When you wash dishes next time, Dolly, please try a little sweet milk instead of soap." I laughed at the idea but finally tried it, just to please him, and now I say no more soap in dishwater for me, even though it be "Dobbins' Electric," and I am sure if you, dear sisters, will just try it, as I did, you will say the same.

MRS. H.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Being but a new member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band and not knowing that any husband has heretofore ventured so far as to ask your attention, it is with a feeling of timorousness that I address you. But nevertheless, as I am a member of THE HOUSEHOLD and also of THE HOUSEHOLD Band, and as I have already been much benefited by many of the articles in THE HOUSEHOLD, and particularly by the articles in the July number on the subject of "Bread Making,"—a subject of interest to all—I cannot resist the temptation to thank the sisterhood for their timely hints and words of advice.

I think no place is worthy the name of home unless it be furnished with properly prepared nourishment both for body and mind. THE HOUSEHOLD contains the best of recipes for preparing the former and the latter already prepared.

I wish to say one word to Pansy. I—and probably others—would be very glad to know where canned fruits can be bought for nine cents a can. We usually pay fifty cents and are glad to get them at that price; I mean two quart cans.

If Nell has not found a spooler for her machine, if she will send me her address, I think I can help her out of her trouble.

E. M. A. asks in the April number about baking powder, and Mrs. U. asks in the June number for a recipe for croup. To them, and all others who wish the best and most reliable

recipes, I would say get a copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes or Information for Everybody. It is really a valuable work and costs but one dollar and a quarter.

If any of the sisters wish any fancy designs for frames or window brackets, or flower vases, I will be happy to furnish them on receipt of their address and stamp to pay return postage. They will please state in what sort of a place they wish to put them up.

S. O. EASTON.

St. Peters, La.

MR. CROWELL,—Dear Sir:—May I presume upon your courtesy in allowing a stranger to enter your list of correspondents. I hope not always to be a stranger, intending to act as agent for your paper soon. I have been looking anxiously for an answer to a letter by Emma in the last July number asking for information about a Leavitt Sewing Machine Co.; I also have lost some things belonging to my sewing machine in moving and would like to know where to replenish the articles.

I write from the grasshopper region. We had in the spring a fine prospect of small fruit, also apples, pears and peaches, but the grasshoppers destroyed every vestige of both fruit and vegetable and not until replanting in July and about the first of August did we have vegetables upon the table.

It seems very trying to be so entirely without when we have had an abundance of fruit heretofore. We are only one of many in like circumstances, trying to keep up a good heart and hoping frosts will be delayed a while for our benefit.

Paola, Kansas.

MIRA.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. A. M. M. speaks well when she suggests that we talk about something else than what we shall eat and drink, etc., though these things are important to housekeepers. I have read Lucille and Middlemarch both and like them, especially the latter, very much. How do you compare George Elliot and Dickens? The past winter I have read The Schonberg Cotta Family, two volumes of Bayard Taylor's travels, the life of John B. Gough and The Circuit Rider. I am not a Methodist, only just a Christian, but since reading the last named book I have thought that nothing but old time Methodism with its almost frenzied enthusiasm could only have gained a foothold for Christ on the frontier—at least at the time of which he writes. To be sure some Methodists accuse the author of betraying Methodism into the hands of its enemies, but why should they? Cannot the people who had a Valentine Cook and a Russell Bigelow, to say nothing of Kike and Morton, afford to acknowledge one Brother Mellen? I think the book is as faithful a picture of human nature as I ever read.

Did any of the sisters ever wash paper collars? I wash my husband's and thus make them last just twice as long as they would otherwise do. Try it; spread them on the table, take a clean white cloth or a nail brush and with soap and water wash them off quickly, rinse in clean water, wipe with a dry towel and iron immediately till dry, creasing them as they were before. If this is all done quickly and

carefully, the stitching will not disappear round the edge and they will look almost as well as new. Some collars wash better than others; I have succeeded best with the Revere brand.

To make a convenient string box, take a semi-circular collar box, split the two corners of the lid open, tack the flat side of the box against the wall with the back part of the lid between the box and wall leaving the lid to lift as on a hinge.

To scour knives, use a cork instead of a cloth and you need not get your fingers soiled, and beside it scours better. Will some one tell me how to take old paper off walls. VILETTE.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD, SISTERS:—I have often read with real sympathy the letters to which Mr. Crowell so kindly gives place, and now am tempted to crave sympathy in my turn.

I have the most affectionate of parents and friends, and everything to make life comfortable, but— I suppose there is not a person living in whose path of happiness there is not some obstructive but— Mine is my health. At least one-half of my life has been rendered useless to myself and others by pain and weakness. During the other half I call myself well, and look well, but can endure almost nothing. The least overdoing sets me back again. Yet I am naturally ambitious and cannot bear to give up. My willing spirit hates the weak flesh it is confined in. I would willingly suffer all the pain I do—severe as it is—and even much more, if only it would not prevent me from doing.

You must not think by this that I vex my friends with my murmurs. I am thankful that so far I have been able to "keep the door of my lips" so well in this respect that my friends come to me for cheer and comfort; but once in a while the craving comes over me so strongly to make my moan "out loud!" Hitherto I have resisted this but it has eased me already to, for once, say how hard it seems to me to be possessed of the "faculty" that enables one to turn one's hand efficiently to all housewifely employments and yet to have to be helped to everything so much of the time; to have a passionate fondness for painting, and all artistic handiwork, and yet be forced to abandon all such attempts.

Lying on my sick bed unable to move or speak as I often am I like to think of the various members of THE HOUSEHOLD Band. If there are among them any invalids I would like to tell them how sorry I am for them. I hope they may all have the same comfort that I enjoy, and that is a love of reading. If one can read but a page or two each day it gives one something outside of one's self and one's own worries to think of, and that is a great point.

I would like to thank U. U. for her excellent letters to Young Writers. They are adapted to very many besides the class to which they are addressed. Mrs. Dorri's letters, To Whom it may Concern, are always good.

With love to THE HOUSEHOLD Band and thanks to Mr. Crowell for organizing it.

HANNAH G.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Not one letter in THE HOUSEHOLD escapes my eye

and as I read I ponder after this wise. Now my cousin such an one is well to do, has all the comforts of life except THE HOUSEHOLD, and the next time I see her I mean to ask her to take it. Do you believe it! she has actually called on me while writing this and when I say wouldn't you like THE HOUSEHOLD? she says, yes, and am going to take it; and says too, others of her neighbors are waiting to have some one wake up and take the names and send on.

Now I mean to take this one paper as long as I live and am really anxious others should do so, so that when I read a good thing I can think my friends are having a feast as well as myself.

Not one of us can open an old HOUSEHOLD but we get some useful hint, learn some new lesson, as Mabel expresses it, we try "to be good and do good" after perusing its pages. I have just finished reading Miss Alcott's book entitled "Work." My time was not misspent while reading it and I wish you could all have leisure to read some every day. Can you?

I hope another season to be able to have screen doors to keep out the flies and yet have fresh air in abundance. And the time I now spend cleaning I mean to devote to flowers and books; because we are married and have plenty to do we need not give up all our pleasures to our husbands and children, but take comfort every day. Each one of us have our likes, and don't let us try to smother them but carry out the wish of our hearts now and then, it makes life the sweeter and that's what we want.

When we hear people complain of unhappiness we all think in a moment it is poor health causes them to feel so. If you want to be happy keep well. Don't make so many rich pie crusts, use more cream and less lard. Eat more fruit and less meat, and don't, for pity's sake, run for doctors when rest will do you so much more good.

I have been very busy canning fruit will tell my process in as few words as possible. I cook my fruit in a porcelain lined kettle, let it come to a boil, have ready the cans with covers close by and place a tunnel (a short, large one any tinsmith can make) in the can and dip with a small dipper or ladle until full, then screw on the cover, placing the cans in a pail of hot water at the same time you dip in the hot fruit or the cans will break.

I sweeten all fruits as it happens. It is not the sugar that keeps it in air tight cans.

"—and if a better system's thine
Impart it freely, or make use of mine."

ALMA MATER.

BEST WAY TO BOIL EGGS.

The objection to the common way of boiling eggs is this: The white, under three minutes' rapid cooking, becomes tough and indigestible, while the yolk is left soft. When properly cooked, eggs are done evenly through like any food. This result may be attained by putting the eggs into a dish with a cover, as a tin pail, and then pouring upon them boiling water, two quarts or more to a dozen eggs, and cover and set them away from the stove for fifteen minutes. The

heat of the water cooks the eggs slowly and evenly and sufficiently and to a jelly-like consistency, leaving the center or yolk harder than the white, and the egg tastes as much richer and nicer as a fresh egg is nicer than a stale egg, and no person will want to eat them boiled after having tried this method.

DISH-WASHING WITHOUT SOAP.

Have your water quite hot, and add a very little milk to it. This softens the water, gives the dishes a fine gloss and preserves the hands; it removes the grease, even that from beef, and yet no grease is ever found floating on the water as when soap is used. The stone vessels should be set on the stove with a little water in them, when the victuals are taken from them; thus they are hot when one is ready to wash them, and the grease is easily removed. Tinware keeps bright longer cleansed in this way than by using soap or by scouring. The habit so many of us have acquired of scouring tins is a wasteful policy; the present style of tinware will not bear it.

Kerosene flames are readily extinguished by throwing a cloth over them, thus stifling them. But cloth is not always in the kitchen, where kerosene accidents are most likely to occur. Flour is recommended as a substitute. Thrown upon the flames, it quickly absorbs the fluid and deadens the flame.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

MR. CROWELL.—*Sir*:—In one of the late numbers some one inquired how to preserve orange peel; as I have excellent success I will send my method of preparing it, also a recipe for Graham Muffins.

PRESERVED ORANGE PEEL.—First wash the peel in warm water, then cover it with cold water and place it on the fire until it boils, then pour off the boiling water and cover again with cold; continue this process until all the bitterness is removed, then make a syrup of a pound of sugar to a pound of peel, boil it gently until the peel looks clear, then with a fork remove the pieces, place them on platters, dust them with pulverized white sugar and dry in the shade.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Two eggs, one quart of sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a little salt, one-half cup of home made yeast or two tablespoonfuls of Brewer's yeast, and Graham flour to make a thick batter; bake as soon as light. H. Los Angeles, Cal.

MUFFINS.—*Mr. Crowell, Sir*:—I have thought for some time that I would like to add a little to your valuable paper, which we should feel lost without there are so many useful things in it, and in answer to Mrs. M. W. for a recipe for muffins I will send mine which I think very nice. Take one pint of sweet milk, a piece of lard or butter about the size of an egg melted in it, one-half cup of yeast, one tablespoonful of white sugar and flour enough to make a batter so it will turn from a pitcher in the morning; add a small teaspoonful of salt just before baking. I think if M. C. S. will make her currant jelly in the following manner she will have beautiful clear jelly. Have nice ripe currants; pick all the poor ones out leaving the good ones on the stem, mash fine and strain through a jelly bag, being very careful to have no seeds or specks in the strained juice, add one pound of sugar to one pint of juice and boil twelve minutes; skim all which rises, put in tumblers and set in the window where it will get the sun for two or three days. L. M. P. Shorcham, Vt.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—*Editor Household*:—I will send Libbie M. S. my recipe for

gingerbread in return for her nice meat pie recipe which I think must be very nice, just what I wanted; please accept thanks. One cup each of molasses and sugar, one-half cup each of butter and lard, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger and one cup of warm water; take about a teaspoonful of the water and dissolve the soda, then pound one-half teaspoonful of alum and dissolve that in a teaspoonful of the water, then put in just flour enough so that you can roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick, then spread it on long tins and mark it off in squares; it will be light and nice; have your oven about as you would for biscuit.

Hoping you will send more of your good recipes in the next paper, I remain your friend, M. B.

SPICED MEAT.—Three pounds of raw beef or veal, (second class steak does nicely) chopped fine, one tablespoonful of salt, one dessert spoonful of pepper, the same of sage, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs and one-half teaspoonful of rolled cracker; mix and shape into a long roll and bake two hours. Be sure to keep water in the tin, also put in a bit of butter and baste often. To be eaten cold for tea and very nice for picnic dinners or lunch.

ICING FOR CAKE.—The whites of two eggs well beaten, one cup of melted sugar; put the eggs in a deep dish, stir the sugar in boiling hot and stir briskly; one-half cake of chocolate grated and stirred in makes it very nice. MRS. ROXY B. Midland City, Mich.

MUFFINS.—In the last *HOUSEHOLD* I see that Mrs. M. W. wishes a recipe for muffins; I will send her mine. One pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of good yeast, enough flour to stir; let it rise and just before putting into rings add two well beaten eggs and a tablespoonful each of butter and sugar. Com.

POP OVERS.—One teacupful of sweet milk, one teacupful of flour and one egg; Beat all very light, have well greased gem pans, drop them in and set in a hot oven; it takes but a few moments for them to puff up and are done. Eat with sauce; they are very nice. S. B. C.

ICE CREAM.—I will send my recipe for ice cream as I saw by the paper that one was wanted. To one quart of milk add three eggs and one-half pound of sugar; set in a boiler of hot water and let it scald, then take it out and cool and add extract to taste. East Greenwich, R. I. P. A. P.

CURRENT JELLY.—Although it has been but very recently that I joined your ranks, yet I deem it my duty to assist you in your noble mission though it be but a trifle. While dining with a friend yesterday she gave me a recipe for currant jelly which was entirely new to my twelve years' experience, so much easier than the old plan of squeezing out the juice by main strength. Put a six quart pan of berries on the stove, covered, add a very little water to start them; put a pan of white sugar in the oven, keep there until it melts; after the fruit has boiled a few minutes, turn into a jelly bag, take out the sugar, measure both quantities pint for pint of each; stir together while boiling hot, pour into the moulds or glasses and the deed is done. Jelly beautiful in color, firmly set and delicious in flavor.

I like your dish washing article very much and mean to put into practice. Yours truly, MARY.

VERY NICE PUDDING WITH SOUR MILK.—Make a pap of bread and one quart of sour milk, one-half cup each of sugar and molasses, two eggs, butter size of an egg, a little clove, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of raisins, salt. Bake slowly two hours or more.

FOR REMOVING BLOOD STAINS.—Mix common starch with cold water and apply quite moist. If not removed after drying apply again and let it dry.

TO THAW A FROZEN PUMP.—Put a three-fourths inch lead pipe down into the pump as far as frozen, letting the pipe rest

on the ice, put a tunnel into the other end and pour in boiling water. A pump that is frozen ten feet solid may be thawed in ten minutes, while a barrel of hot water poured in without the pipe would penetrate the ice very slowly.

HOW TO MEND A CHAIN PUMP.—If the chain parts, it is difficult getting one end over the lower pulley and up to the other side unless you take up the pump to do it. Take a strong string of sufficient length to reach from the bottom of the lower pulley to the surface of the water in the well; tie a cork to one end of it and tie the other to the chain. Then winding the string round the cork put it into the tube and let the chain follow it down; as soon as it gets down under the pulley the cork will rise to the top of the water in the well from which it may be hooked up. The chain will be hauled up by the string and the two ends may be fastened together in the usual way.

FLOATING ISLAND.—*Mr. Crowell, Dear Sir*:—Eva can make very nice floating island by following these directions. Take one quart of new milk and five eggs; beat the whites to a stiff froth, have the milk ready boiling in a skillet, and with a spoon place the whites in it, turn them over quickly, then lift them out carefully, and place them on a plate. Now beat the yolks well, add one large spoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and some grated nutmeg or lemon and two spoonfuls of cold milk; stir them all together, then pour it into the milk stirring it to keep it smooth. Let it boil, turn it out in a deep dish, place the whites on it, and it is now ready for use. A few drops of jelly on the whites improves the looks.

Will some one send through *THE HOUSEHOLD* a good recipe for pumpkin pie? Lee, Ohio. LAURA.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Can any of the many *HOUSEHOLD* subscribers tell a forlorn sister how to take grease spots and tar off of linen? Also how to remove spots made by rain on a light woolen dress? and oblige, A. I. D.

ED. *HOUSEHOLD*:—Will some of the obliging sisters of *THE HOUSEHOLD* Band tell me what will kill the white fly on rose bushes?

Also, how to make cocoanut drops such as the bakers make?

Thanks to H. H. for the recipe for crackers; they are excellent. MINNIE D. Seattle, W. T.

If M. M. G. will make a strong soap suds, let it get boiling hot, put in a few pieces of silver, brass or tin at a time, and rub while hot with any soft fabric, she will find it to do very nicely when time is not handy.

To pickle blueberries, we gather nice berries, put them in jars or bottles, and fill with sweetened water, one-third molasses, two-thirds water, well mixed; tie a thin muslin over the top set in a cool place to ferment. When that is done cork tight and they will keep for years.

I think if Mrs. H. L. H. will rub her hands with bristol brick moistened with soft soap, she will find the spots removed. M. C. B.

I will give lessons in hair work through *THE HOUSEHOLD* or by mail, if any one wishes for them.

I hope Maggie will please tell how to make worsted flowers, as I am anxious to make a few.

I think I can furnish B. F. L. with the numbers of the Mob Cap. M. B.

DEAR *HOUSEHOLD*:—Please say to Mrs. S. H. B., of Jackson, Cal., that boiling water will take any kind of stain out of table linen. It should be applied soon, and repeated until effectual. C. E. T.

MRS. L. S.:—"Cooking an uncertain science." Yes, until we are well acquainted with it.

"Best way to make sponge cake." Either way good enough.

"Rule for frosting." Beat the white of one egg to a froth, add ten heaping teaspoons of frosting sugar, two of corn starch, or one of corn starch and one of gum arabic dissolved.

Don't sleep in a cold room if avoidable. Down spreads and flannel better than cotton. E. H. F.

Will some one inform me what will remove indigo stain from a light colored woolen sacque?

What will remove spatters of shoe blackening from a white linen shirt bosom? and oblige an OLD SUBSCRIBER.

In the August number of *THE HOUSEHOLD* a lady sends a recipe for salt rheum. I would kindly ask through its columns if she or any of the many readers could give a sure and speedy cure for scald-head? And what will restore the hair lost by the disease? An immediate answer would much oblige a FRIEND OF *THE HOUSEHOLD*.

MR. C.—*Dear Sir*:—Will you ask through *THE HOUSEHOLD* what will take bronzing out of cotton goods? I have got my dress in water and shall keep it there till I know what to do. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

EDITOR *HOUSEHOLD*:—Please tell through *THE HOUSEHOLD* a recipe for pickling onions, also cabbage, and oblige a subscriber, COM.

If Mr. Crowell, or any of the readers of *THE HOUSEHOLD*, can tell me through its columns, where I can obtain rubber gloves, I would be very grateful. In a communication from Ogden, Kansas, H. speaks of wearing them, perhaps she could give the necessary information. H. W. S.

Can any member of *THE HOUSEHOLD* Band inform me how to color a light shawl a very pale blue? Also, how to cook beef tongue? In return I will send a good recipe for chocolate custard if desired. LULU.

MR. CROWELL:—For black ants a strong solution of potash thrown into crevices, etc. with a syringe. SALEM.

MR. CROWELL.—*Dear Sir*:—Will some one of your *HOUSEHOLD* Band furnish me with a recipe for making squash biscuit without yeast? I am unable to find any one in this section who knows how.

I have read your paper for the past five years and really feel that I could not do without it. The members of the Band all seem like personal friends and I do do wish I might become acquainted by correspondence at least. Do you think Aunt Leisurely, Olive Oldstyle, or others would let me hear from them. I have but little time or opportunity to go out and letters from the dear sisters would cheer and lighten the burden of A LONELY ONE.

MR. G. E. CROWELL:—I have been a subscriber to your paper for four of five years and have often wanted to answer some of your questions. Now I would say to A. J. S. to keep ants away, simply strew borax around their favorite resorts.

To Mrs. J. C. B., tie smoked meats in a bag and cover it with wood ashes.

To Mrs. M. W., for muffins make a very stiff batter, say one pint of milk, one-half a cup of yeast, over night; in the morning add two eggs and one-half cup of butter let them stand one-half of an hour, bake four minutes before turning and four after.

The very best emptyings I have ever found is to boil six white potatoes sliced in sufficient water, and when done, drain off the water, mash the potatoes and return the water, having it boiling hot, stir in flour sufficiently to thicken it, and when cool add a twin brother cake, having moistened it in water; national yeast cakes are as good but either must be fresh; the more of this emptyings you put in bread, the better it is so long as it is sweet. I mix bread with water adding a small piece of shortening and a tablespoonful of sugar stirring it two or three times. The secret to good bread making is to have yeast fresh so it will admit of kneading down two or three times and use no soda as it has a tendency to dry bread.

One question: Will some of the readers of your dear paper give me a cure for bunions? I have tried almost everything and am yet almost crippled at times. AUNTIE S. Amagansett, L. I.



KEEP THE HEART LIGHT AS YOU CAN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

We have always enough to bear,
We have always something to do;
We have never to seek for care,
When we have the world to get through.
But what though adversity test
The courage and vigor of man,
They get through misfortune the best
Who keep the heart light as they can.
Though there's always enough to bear,
There is always a something to do;
We have never to seek for care
When we have the world to get through.

If we shake not the load from the mind,
Our energy's sure to be gone;
We must wrestle with care, or we'll find
Two loads are less easy than one.
To sit in disconsolate mood
Is a poor and profitless plan;
The true heart is never subdued
If we keep it as light as we can.
Though there's always enough to bear,
There is always a something to do;
We have never to seek for care
When we have the world to get through.

There's nothing that sorrow can yield,
Excepting a harvest of pain;
Far better to seek fortune's field,
And till it and plow it again.
The weight that exertion can move,
The gloom that decision may span,
The manhood within us but prove;
Then keep the heart light as you can.
Though there's always enough to bear,
There is always a something to do;
We have never to seek for care
When we have the world to get through.

MR. JONES' ACCOUNTS.

BY S. E. D.

RECEIVED my quarter's salary to-day and have just been balancing my account book for last term, preparatory to commencing on the expenditure of it." The speaker was Miss Brown the public school teacher.

"Ah," replied her caller, Mr. Jones, "and how near did you succeed in balancing your account?"

"How near!" exclaimed Miss Brown, in surprise, "why exactly, of course; if I could not account for every cent you would see me knitting my brows and falling into fits of abstraction all the evening, trying to remember some small expenditure I had neglected to set down. I keep account for my own private satisfaction, and anything but satisfaction should I find if I could not make them balance."

"If I had only my own private accounts to deal with, probably I could do as well," said Mr. Jones, "but I attempt to keep mother's too, and she has a way of receiving money which she neglects to mention to me, but whenever she makes a purchase she asks me to set it down, and it so complicates the accounts that if they balance within five dollars I think I have done very well."

"I am sure I wonder at your perseverance under such difficulties, I know I should give up trying to keep accounts unless some reform could be instituted," said Miss Brown.

In due course of time Mr. Jones and

Miss Brown were married and commenced housekeeping. But it was not long before Mrs. Jones began to suspect that Mr. Jones' accounts balanced no better than his mother's had formerly done, though without so plausible an excuse; and by and by she learned to dread the end of a month, knowing full well what a battle would be waged between Mr. Jones and the obstinate accounts, and how she would be called upon to assist the weaker party.

"Mary," said Mr. Jones, one first day of the month, "my accounts do not exactly balance, can you remember anything I have bought the past few days?"

Mrs. Jones looked reflective. Presently she asked, "Did you set down that yeast you bought last night?"

"But that was only one cent, I never set down cents' worths," replied Mr. Jones, with contempt.

"But then how in the world can you expect your accounts to balance? You bought a bunch of matches a day or two ago which I presume was also too insignificant for your notice."

"Yes; it was only two cents and you see my accounts do not balance within two dollars and twenty-seven cents."

"But do you not see that if you go through the month omitting to set down yeast, matches and other cents' worths, which you purchase repeatedly in the course of the month, the sum total will be sufficient to seriously affect your accounts?"

"But you see I can approximate the amount of yeast and matches we buy and set it down in a lump at the end of the month."

"But don't you forget to do so, besides I do not think there should be any approximating in account keeping."

Another month. "Mary, there is the most alarming deficit in my accounts, I am sure I have put down everything this month, and yet there seems to be between seventeen and eighteen dollars unaccounted for. I must have lost it."

"Are you sure you have put down everything?" asked Mrs. Jones, "you paid Maggie a month's wages last week, have you got it down?"

"I don't believe I have, let me see," consulting his account book. "No, I haven't, well, that is twelve dollars."

"Then I had five dollars to go shopping the same day," continued Mrs. Jones.

"There, yes, I did not have that down either. Now wait a minute," said Mr. Jones. "Sixty-five cents, yes, it balances within sixty-five cents, now, that is what I call doing pretty well," and he pockets his account book with a self-complacent smile.

"I have been working over my accounts all the morning," he remarked one day at the dinner table, "and I cannot get them to balance. I seem to have two dollars too much. Of course I suppose somebody has paid me that amount and I have neglected to set it down, but I can't think who."

Another month. "Here, Mary, just put down your work and help me recollect what I have bought the last fortnight; this is the last day of the month and I find I haven't set anything down since the fourteenth."

"Well, if I couldn't keep accounts better than that I would not try," says Mrs. Jones.

"There, please don't scold but help me, I know you can if you try."

Again. "Mary, what groceries have I bought within two or three days, can you tell; I know I have bought something I forgot to put down?"

"Let me see," said his wife, reflectively. "Yesterday you brought home tea, coffee and crackers."

"O, yes, and I remember they came to just a dollar; tea fifty, coffee thirty-nine, crackers ten, yes, I will lump them and set them down a dollar."

"But they only come to ninety-nine cents," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, but you know it is so much easier to add up," explains Mr. Jones.

"It is not exact though and accounts ought to be kept exactly," replied his wife.

"Well, can you think of anything else I have bought lately?" said Mr. Jones.

"You pay for the baby's milk every day when you get it, do you always put it down?"

"No, it is too much trouble and takes too much space; I have a way of putting it down once at the end of the week," answered Mr. Jones, consulting his account book. "But I have not put it down at all this month," he added, "did we commence on the first of the month to have a pint?"

"No, we had a quart a day the first part of the month," replied Mrs. Jones.

"The middle then?" he inquired. "I think we changed to a pint before the middle of the month but do not bear in mind the exact date," Mrs. Jones replied.

"Well, four times thirty is one hundred and twenty and I will allow thirty cents extra for the time we had a quart and set it down a dollar and a half, that is near as I can guess. Now let's see," and Mr. Jones figures a while. "Now they don't balance within three dollars and forty-six cents," he exclaims with disappointment.

"Of course not; how can you expect otherwise after such guess work?" remarks Mrs. Jones.

One more example of Mr. Jones' account keeping will suffice. He walks into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Jones is engaged in the two-fold occupation of reading and holding baby, account book in hand, "Now, Mary," he begins, "just lay down your book and give me your attention a few minutes; I am trying to balance accounts, and you see this is the third of April and I have received and paid out money in April and have set it down as though it was March and that complicates things."

But luckily for Mrs. Jones, her lord had scarcely finished this preliminary explanation when a ring at the door announced the arrival of a lady caller and Mr. Jones and his account book beat a retreat.

Now, dear readers, I wish I could tell you that Mrs. Jones contrived some stratagem which resulted in making Mr. Jones a better accountant but truth forbids. But I have thought whether there may not be more than one Mr. Jones in the world. Is it not

just possible that the eyes of some one of them may chance to fall on these columns of the widely circulated HOUSEHOLD, and who knows but that such a holding up of the glass before them may not have a good effect? That such may be the case is the sincere wish of the writer.

DAVID SWAN—A FANTASY.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influenced our course through life and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events—if such they may be called—which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope or fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high-road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bed-chamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young

fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand still nearly in front of David's resting place. A linch pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe the humblest sleeper sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Health and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked, the more did this elderly couple feel interested in this unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we wake him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating, "we know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it? her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth—if silk it were—was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring. Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As freehearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deepened blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road as lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become her father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her gar-

ments brushed against him, and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow:

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocketbook or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

So they approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would have hardly known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills at a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity.

As for David Swan, he still slept, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him,

nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips, without a sound; now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber; and there was the stage-coach. He started up with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" he shouted.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood; all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough in our mortal life to render foresight even partially available?—
Nathaniel Hawthorne.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Sixty.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"I am afraid you are growing worldly-minded," said a dear old lady to a younger woman, once on a time, "you are fixing up your house so!"

It was but the echo of the old puritan teachings—the reflector of the puritan training that made the early life of New England so bold and bare and, in one sense, so prosaic. Love of grace and harmony was worldly-mindedness; a desire to surround one's self with loveliness of form and color, was the child of pride, vanity, or a wish to outshine and outdo others. Beauty was born of the devil, and so was to be despised and hated of all good men and women. It was hard for our grandmothers and great-grandmothers to rid themselves of the feeling that there was actual sin in making themselves and their surroundings beautiful.

Yet how strange it was, when there was no rugged hillside, no neglected pasture, no rocky cliff in all New England, that did not tell them how dear was beauty to the heart of Nature's God! They could not go out to gather the herbs and simples which have so important a part in their materia medica, or the wild fruits and berries wherewith to prepare the jams and comfits with which their store-room shelves were laden, without seeing this. The wild vines clambered everywhere, over rock and stump, and mouldering wall; and each in its turn was all aflush with pink or crimson, all aglow with golden glory, or lay

like a snowreath on tossing waves of green. Buttercups and daisies sprang unbidden by every roadside. Lily-bells pealed in every grassy meadow, and all the season through the long procession of flowers lived, and bloomed, and died, their beauty seemingly their only excuse for being. Far in the dim forests, beyond the reach of human eye, they lifted their delicate faces in sweet contrast, and praised God in floods of grateful incense. And wherever there was a spot too cold or dark or sterile for flower-bloom, there mosses crept, and lichens clung, and in tangled thickets all lonely, lowly, creeping growth visited together, swinging and swaying and laughing in the face of every breeze. Could they not see that the Creator they adored was the first great beauty-lover, when he had made everything so fair? The far sweep of the undulating hill, the grand uplifting of the mountain peaks, the valleys beautiful in their green repose, the rushing, sparkling rivers, the stretch of the wide blue sea, sunrise and moonrise, starlight, and moonlight, and all the glory of earth and air and sky—why all these, if He cared only for use, and not for beauty?—As Mary Howitt says,—

"He might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
And not a flower at all!"

He might have hung the heavens with black, and robbed the earth in sombre coloring; or he might have so made us, that all this grace and grandeur should be as a dead blank to ourselves. But instead of that he has clothed our earthly home with beauty as a garment. We can imagine no wealth of coloring, no golden radiance, no depth of shade, no majesty of form or proportion, no harmony of tint or outline, that he has not called into being for our pleasure, and, let us reverently believe, for his own also. Even his storms are magnificent. The forked lightnings, the rolling clouds, the dense darkness, the fierce sweep of the tempest, whirling snows and drenching rains—all have their own wild beauty, forcing us to wondering admiration even while we tremble.

Then if God—the great Creator—so loves beauty that we find it in everything that he has made, even in the depths of the earth, and in those forms of animal and vegetable life that are too minute to be studied without the aid of the microscope, shall we be called "worldly-minded" when we strive to make our homes beautiful?

Yet it must be confessed there is a difference in persons, and in the motives that actuate them.

"I should not think you would feel any ambition to keep things so nice, and to have so many pretty things in your house, you live in such an out-of-the-way place, and have so little company!"

The above remark was made to a young wife whose home was singularly isolated. Wise, wasn't it? and profound. The one addressed opened wide her eyes as she made answer,—
"Why, what difference does that make? It is not for the sake of other people, mainly, that I keep things nice. I need to make my home bright and fresh and lovely all the more because

I live so quietly, and am alone so much."

She was right. Glad as we may be to have our friends enjoy with us every good thing, and wide and beneficent as is the influence that goes out from every beautiful and happy home, it should yet be chiefly for the sake of the home-circle itself that we should strive to make its abiding place just as perfect as we can. Not for the sake of out-doing others, not because it is "the fashion,"—but because every human being is helped and strengthened and elevated by beautiful and harmonious surroundings.

I believe this to be true, as I have said, of every human being; but I know it to be true of women. And it seems to me that no women on the face of the earth need this help more than do the dwellers in the isolated country farm-houses, that are apt to be so barren and empty. You are fortunate if you have not been in lonely farm-houses, where there was no poverty, where every one had enough to eat, and to drink, and to wear, and yet where your heart has ached with its sense of the utter forlornness of the place, the dreary barrenness of everything within doors. Outside there is the glad sunshine and the rejoicing sky—but inside there is desolation.

In very many cases this state of things grows out of the false idea that beauty means luxury and extravagance; that the words are synonymous. Now there is really no connection between them. That money, judiciously used, adds very largely to the beauty of a home, I am not about to stultify myself by denying. None but a downright idiot would do that. A person who has good taste, refinement of feeling, individuality, deftness of touch, quickness of eye, and plenty of money, can of course do vastly more than one possessed of the same qualities, but without the money.

Yet, friends, it is by no means true that the most beautiful homes are the costliest. A carpet may cost five dollars a yard and yet be undeniably ugly. A set of furniture in velvet upholstery may cost a thousand dollars—and give you the backache just to look at it. If it does, it is not beautiful, for it lacks the beauty of fitness. It is not adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. "High art" is often only valuable because it is "high," and because it has a world-noted name at the back of it. It is desirable in a gallery—but for all purposes of household adornment it is very apt to be senseless. Much of it gives one the nightmare, unless he has a predilection for horrors.

Neither is cheapness, beauty; and yet, thank heaven! a great deal of beauty is very cheap; so cheap that I venture to say no woman who is not devoted to abject poverty and grinding toil, no woman in the vast middle class that is by far the largest in this country, need be without a good degree of it in her surroundings. Perhaps I ought to add, provided she can persuade her husband to co-operate with her. Try it, dear!—you who are growing tired, and worn, and dispirited, and to whom young as you are, life begins to look like a burden. And if you are not young, you need to

try it all the more! Very likely John has never thought of it, and never will without your suggestion; and yet he may be as happy as you over the cheer and brightness you two may make for yourselves. It will rest you so to sit at nightfall in your pretty room!

Room, I say—for you need not forthwith run in debt, and proceed to rebuild and refurnish from chamber to kitchen. Take one room at a time—starting with your sitting or living-room if you please. Color your wall a soft tint, or paper it, as you choose. The paper may cost but a few cents a roll, and yet it may be very pretty—a vast improvement on dingy white, and it will hide the stains of years. If you cannot afford a carpet (I hope you can!)—make believe your floor is of the choice woods that are now so fashionable—too choice to be hidden! Set your woman's wit at work, and conjure up some pretty rugs out of odds and ends, to spread here and there. If your lounges and rocking-chairs are old and shabby, get some pretty ten cent calico of a color that harmonizes or contrasts with your wall, (if you cannot afford the lovely cretonnes with which the markets are full) and cover them. Make some lambrequins for your windows of the same calico. Wheel out the table that stands so stiffly against the wall, and put it in the middle of the room, for your books and work-basket. And then—now let me just whisper a word in your ear!—couldn't you possibly get along without that extra suit this summer? Because if you could, you might get an engraving or two, or a pair of pretty photographs in simple frames, and perhaps a couple of glass vases, crystal clear, in which to put your lilies and rosebuds, or a handful of ferns and grasses. The suit will wear out—but the pictures will last as long as you live. Is it not worth thinking about?

These are mere suggestions—seeds sown by the wayside. As I said, women need brightness and beauty. Hundreds of them are starving for the lack, and do not know it. If only every husband and father belonging to our HOUSEHOLD could be made to see and feel this! Some of you will say it is all nonsense. Some of you will not heed, because "none are so deaf as those who will not hear," and some few of you will "lay the flattering unction to your souls," that dollars and cents, hoarded up and counted over, are worth more than happy faces and love-lighted homes.

How is it with the rest of you?

A TALK ABOUT ECONOMY.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

Out of all the world how very few people there are who are not personally interested in finding out how to gratify the largest number of their desires for the smallest expenditure of money! I have not a doubt that sister Jessie's letter, in the July number, on "How to Save Money," was read with interest by every member of THE HOUSEHOLD Band. But I hope sister Jessie will forgive, and not misunderstand me, when I express the fear that that article was read with

more interest than profit by many of the sisters. Her advice and instructions in regard to making old clothes last the longer by judicious remodelings that the money which would otherwise be devoted to new clothes might be spared to buy books with, was excellent, and if it is not profitable to us all the fault will not be her's but those of circumstances.

Let us ask, sister Jessie, how many of the husbands of your acquaintance are in the habit of giving their wives "an allowance" for the purchase of the clothes of the family, from which allowance savings can be made? As far as my own observation extends the usual habit is for the husband to give out at one time only the sum required for the new cloak for Mary, or suit for Tommy, or dress for Hattie, or boots for Johnny which he is told that they need, and there is no such thing thought of as an allowance from which all the clothes of the family for the year are to be purchased. There is a good reason, too, for this apparently undesirable irregularity. Except in the case of salaried men there are few who can reckon with certainty upon what their income for the year is likely to be, or who can foresee all the demands that may be made upon it. If the head of the family is a farmer, how can he tell in the spring what his tobacco crop may "turn out;" or in the autumn what his next year's wheat crop may be? If a manufacturer he finds many unlooked for demands in the way of new machinery or repairs rendered necessary by accidents resulting from the carelessness or inefficiency of operatives; or he too often meets unexpected losses in the way of his business. So with the merchant, the grocer, the mechanic, the lawyer, the physician, the editor, (unless the latter is salaried by some publishing firm); uncertainty attends them all. Though others may be able to make a very good guess as to the amount they can afford for each item of household expense, only the salaried man, or the man with money invested in United States bonds can make a regular and certain allowance for this, that, or the other household purpose.

In most families there is, and necessarily, a constant robbing of Peter to pay Paul. If some member of a family has had a long illness the money that might have procured new clothes, or new books, a new carpet or a pleasant jaunt, must go to pay the doctor, and the drugstore bill, or the increased bill of the butcher for the prolonged succession of porter-house steaks and lamb-chops required during a lingering convalescence. If the invalid was in any sense a breadwinner there is also entailed the loss of his or her time, or perhaps many losses resulting from the absence of the master's or mistress' overseeing eye. If the family has been free from sickness and death, there are minor trials which likewise demand money that may be ill spared, and when this year has passed we seem just as far from the desired surplus as we were the last.

Aside from contingences there are so many things that we cannot do without. There are the taxes, or insurance, the wages of hands, the lumber for repairs, or necessary altera-

tions, the additions required to the stock of the farmer, or to the machinery of the manufacturer, or to the goods of the tradesman; there is the fuel that we must burn, and the food that we must eat. After these and other unavoidable expenses have been deducted, it is very often found that the surplus is alarmingly small, before the matter of new clothes has been even thought of.

Now, sister Jessie, what shall we do in such cases? We would not relinquish the books though there appears to be no point from which we can save the money to buy them. Economy when practiced for good ends is one of the largest minded of virtues; we would not be held to throw the shadow of dispraise upon it when we say let our minds dwell no more upon saving, for we have all along been saving all that we could, and farther attempts would result only in scrimping. Therefore we say let every woman so situated turn her bright wits to contriving some way to bring in more money. Herein lies the truest economy. There is probably not, in New England, an ordinarily gifted woman possessed of health, who cannot sensibly add to the household funds in some way if she is so disposed.

If such a woman is a farmer's wife making butter and cheese, let her try (and if she tries she will succeed,) to make butter and cheese that will command fancy prices in the market. Brain power is one of the things that scattereth yet increaseth; the more it is used, the more there is to use; and it takes nothing but the greater exercise of brain power on the part of one woman to make better butter or cheese than her neighbor who puts more shoulder than brain to the wheel. (Though there is no useful employment that does not require both shoulder and brain.) Butter that brings seventy-five cents the pound in the market costs the producer no more money than butter that brings but twenty-five cents the pound. Perhaps not as much for poor butter usually implies waste.

Then there are the gardens and the fruit orchards, both of them things for whose care women are admirably adapted. There is the poultry yard and the raising of young stock, in both of which pursuits women are recognizedly superior to men. And there is money in all of these employments if they are well managed. Of course there must be physical effort made, and brain and will power must be exerted intelligently. But no more effort need be made, or talent exercised, than is now daily done all over New England in making rich, unhealthy culinary combinations, elaborately useless dress trimmings, and fancy work of doubtful beauty.

To make money at any of these things one must aim at excellence. If a poor head of celery costs three cents to raise it and brings four cents, a good head costing four cents will bring eight. "There is always plenty of room on top" said Daniel Webster in regard to the profession of the law, and it is so in regard to any other calling however humble. And it is in the place where there is most room

that the heart and ambition are satisfied (no matter how insignificant in itself the object sought may seem to be) and it is there too, that the money is made. Money that we want, not at all for its own sake, but altogether for the high ends we have in view which we cannot obtain without its aid.

There are many other ways in which women can make money besides those already suggested. Every neighborhood offers opportunities peculiar to itself. One way in which a woman living in a village can make money, without interfering with her legitimate household cares, is by opening a reading room. A lady has told me that for ten years she had cleared an average of two hundred and seventy-five dollars, during the four warm months, by keeping open a comfortable reading room for ladies and gentlemen, where the best dailies could be read for two cents each, and by letting out magazines and books, (the former for ten cents for three days, the latter for five cents per week,) principally to the summer-boarders who sought the modest sea-side resort where she lived. A quiet corner of the room was reserved for two chess tables, nearly always occupied, at ten cents a game. This same lady, possessed of much genuine though uninstructed artistic taste, used to make, during the winter, many seashell pictures, and other fancy articles of her own devising, which she sold in the summer to pleasure seekers who carried them away as mementoes. Other ladies in the same town made and sold shell-pictures and ornaments at tolerable prices, but they were bought only as a make-shift when those made by Mrs. F. at much higher prices, could no longer be had. Mrs. F. you see, "stood on top."

A daughter of Mrs. F., in whom also the artist tendency was strong, was able to earn a very good living for herself by the manufacture and sale of artificial flowers for bonnets, made of the feathers of common sea-fowls, some of which she colored with great taste, while others were left in their own soft tints. These flowers she copied from nature and many of them were certainly exquisite works of art.

If this paper has seemed to be less a talk about economy than it promised, I beg my readers to consider if this economy of time and talents, that we may have the more comforts, is not better than that other economy which consists simply in doing without. Of course we must have to do without what we cannot honestly pay for, but contentment in doing without such desirable things as an honest and well directed industry could obtain is the virtue of a savage. A "rascally virtue," which would leave us forever in the hut or the wigwam.

I would not be understood as insinuating that sister Jessie's method of procuring the library, in whose possession she is justly happy, was not in her case the wisest and best way. I am merely pointing, or striving to point, to other ways which might be found available by those who have already for other essential ends exhausted the possibilities of a wise retrenchment.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Messrs. I. L. Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., who are the manufacturers and sole proprietors of the world renowned Dobbin's Electric Soap, having had their attention called to the frequent letters in THE HOUSEHOLD regarding their soap, authorize us to say that they will send a sample by mail to any lady desiring to test its merits for herself, upon receipt of 15 cents to pay postage. They make no charge for the soap, the money exactly pays the postage. We would like to have all who test the soap write us their honest opinion of it for publication in THE HOUSEHOLD.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have used Dobbin's Electric Soap; it is more than it promises. I never had so easy a day's washing performed. My washwoman is delighted too. She said she never stood over so nice a tub of suds, and I knew we never had so nice looking line of clothes hung out to dry. I just feel so grateful to you, I can't wait to express my thanks. Womanlike, I have had to go all around to my neighbors to tell the good news and beg them to join with me and get a large box. I wrote to our grocer insisting that he must order it, if he don't, I will try another one, for I must have the soap. Anything which aids woman in her daily toils is a blessing. I have sent to several manufacturers for soap, but it was worthless compared with this.

MRS. L. J. ADAMS.

Bethel P. O., S. C.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been very slow in giving you my opinion of the estimable Dobbin's Electric Soap, (a box of which I received some time ago,) but have not by any means been so long discovering its very remarkably good and helpful qualities. My pen is too feeble for its well-deserved praise, suffice it to say I think it a perfect success, and an indispensable article in housekeeping, and hereafter I shall never think of using any other soap, but Dobbin's Electric. I have introduced it to a number of our friends, both home and abroad, and I think in all probability that all the inhabitants of Saugerties will soon desire to purchase.

MARY J. EMERICK.

Saugerties, N. Y.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I, too, am a convert to the merits of Dobbin's Electric Soap. A sample bar was sent me by request, and after trials have ordered more, and unhesitatingly recommend it to all my friends. Respectfully,

MRS. KENNEDY.

Weaverville, Buncombe Co., N. C.

ED. HOUSEHOLD:—I received my sample bar of Dobbin's Electric Soap, and after arranging my washing according to directions, went out and asked my neighbors in to see the result. After fifteen minutes we took them from the suds and rinsed them clean and pure. It is all we could wish. Yours, etc.,

MRS. NELLIE GRAY.

Wall Lake, Ind.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been using Dobbin's Electric Soap for some time and like it very much better than any I have ever used. I bought a box it from the agent in Cleveland and have given some away and have recommended it to others; now, I would not like to be without it. Yours respectfully,

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A full description of the Premiums are given in a circular which will be sent to any address on application. Specimen copies of THE HOUSEHOLD are sent free to those wishing to procure subscribers.

New subscribers and renewals are counted alike for premiums.

It is not necessary for an agent working for any premium to get all the subscriptions at one place or to send them all in at one time. They may be obtained in different towns or states and sent as convenient. Keep a list of the names and addresses and when a premium is wanted, send a copy of this list and name the premium selected. All articles sent by mail are prepaid. Those sent by express are at the expense of the receiver.

*Premiums designated by a star are from the Lucius Hart Manufacturing Co., New York city. The goods are manufactured from the best material and triple plated.

